



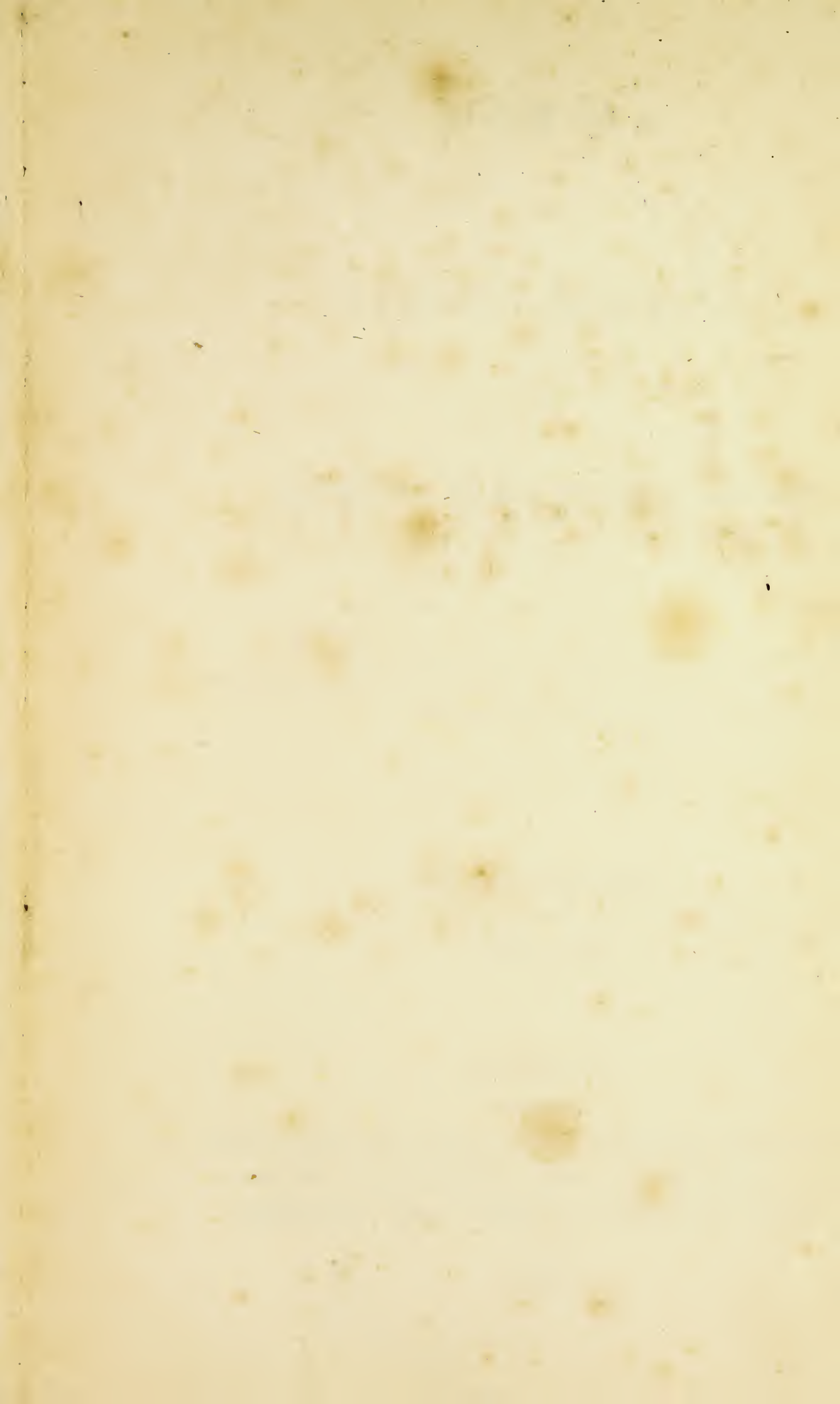
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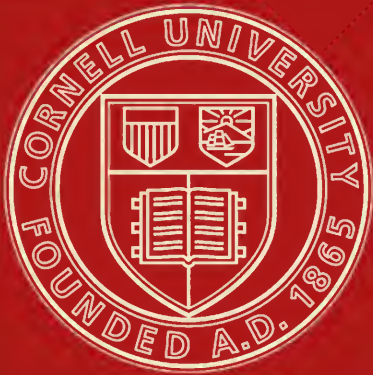
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THE GIFT OF
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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE to thank you for a Volume written in the good old style of our ELDERS and our BETTERS, which I am very glad to see is not yet extinct.”

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THE LATE LORD BYRON
TO THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

Printed for

PAYNE AND FOSS, PALL MALL ; LONGMAN, REES, ORME,
AND CO. PATERNOSTER ROW ; J. RICHARDSON, ROYAL
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1827.

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MISCELLANEOUS EFFUSIONS.

THE Author cannot but feel apprehensive that many of the articles under the head MISCELLANIES, may not be deemed worthy of the public eye ; but as they chiefly relate to persons of acknowledged merit, that merit may be allowed to excuse the insertion. He fears also that he may be thought to advert too much to his own situation ; but having been crossed in the hope of that INDEPENDENCE which he had been struggling through life to attain, he may presume to hope that his disappointment will excite sympathy rather than censure.

MISCELLANEOUS EFFUSIONS.

INVOCATION TO ERIN.

HENCE, foul Dishonesty ! *
Of grov'ling Vice and sordid Int'rest born,
E'en of thyself the scorn ;
By Conscience haunted, never to be free :—
Go seek some loathsome cave,
Where pallid Avarice pines amid its store,
With burning thirst for more ;
There ply each crafty scheme and lawless art,
Fram'd by thy baleful heart,
Till Justice doom thee to a penal grave.
But ERIN come, of lofty mind,
Heroic heart, and temper kind ;
Twin-born with BRITAIN, ne'er to veer,
But move in one harmonious sphere ;
For aye with mutual love to glow,
And share all bliss ordain'd below ;

* It is understood that breach of faith in his deputy involved Mr. MOORE in great pecuniary obligations.

Come, display thy gen'rous zeal,
 Now for injur'd genius feel ;
 MOORE, who loves his native isle,
 MOORE, on whom the Muses smile ;
 By his open heart betray'd,
 Owes the dross that must be paid,
 Or no more shall he be seen,
 " Disporting on thy margent green " ;
 Then for MOORE exult to prove
 All a gen'rous nation's love.

Thy bounty, GRATTAN, amply shar'd,
 For patriot zeal a rich reward ;
 And shall thy bard not share it too,
 Who glows with patriot zeal as true ?
 When Eloquence forgotten lies,
 Still MOORE shall fire poetic skies,
 His genius animate the scene,
 While Nature spreads thy vivid green.
 Hast thou not a thousand times
 Dwelt delighted on his rhymes ?
 Rhymes that Fancy's hues adorn,
 Sparkling like the dewy morn,
 Like morn too, tuneful, airy, gay,
 And glowing as meridian day.
 Is his lyre at times too free ?
 'Tis a proof he springs from thee,
 Inspir'd by Love and Liberty.

Yet must the moral Muse confess
 His fancy wore too gay a dress ;
 Too oft, with wanton touch, his lyre
 Has kindled flames of loose desire ;

Too oft, with SEDLEY'S* dang'rous art
 Has deck'd with flow'rs a barbed dart,
 That deeply struck the youthful heart.
 But now 'twill be his nobler pride
 To list his Muse on Virtue's side,
 Since now his lot to boast a wife,
 With ev'ry charm endearing life.

The Muse, besides, with sorrow owns
 Too freely he has treated thrones ;
 Too freely, in satiric strains,
 Those able statesmen he arraigns,
 To whose firm counsels Europe owes
 Deliv'rance from unnumber'd woes,
 That else a proud usurper's hand
 Had spread o'er many a ruin'd land ;
 The labours harder, dangers more,
 Than e'er on statesmen fell before,
 Were those their wisdom triumph'd o'er :
 Yet BRITAIN'S sun in glory rose,
 Its radiance dazzling all her foes,
 While by its light the nations round
 A sure return to safety found.

Can Justice then such rulers blame ?
 No—Europe shall record their fame ;
 Who saw by them her thralldom cease,
 Restor'd to honour, freedom, peace !

That Party may their deeds revile,
 Can but excite a scornful smile ;
 For place would strait the clamour still,
 Sure remedy for factious ill ;

* SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

But MOORE can on himself rely,
 And need not join the selfish cry ;
 The rich resources of his mind
 A patron in the world can find.

'Twas but the fond mistake of youth—
 Experience, time, reflection, truth,
 Will regulate his future lays,
 And censure turn to rightful praise.

Yet, after all, the world may find,
 That Rumour works to MOORE assign'd
 Which other bards, from party spite,
 Or disappointed spleen, might write,
 While, stamp'd as his, they could not fail
 To gain a quick and ample sale.

Enough of politics—again
 Let injur'd MOORE demand the strain.
 That poets are a careless kind,
 Too well, alas ! in him we find ;
 He, trusting to his gen'rous heart,
 Where mean distrust could bear no part,
 O'er heights Parnassian prone to range
 Ill vers'd in trade, accounts, exchange,
 Requir'd no formal bonds for pelf,
 Deem'd others honest as himself,
 And so an easy prey became
 To one who took too sure an aim,
 And like the “ mousing owl”* could smite
 The falcon, tow'ring in his flight.

* “ A falcon, tow'ring in his pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.”

But ERIN to his aid will run,
 And nobly raise her fav'rite son.
 For, rear'd by him, fresh laurels smile
 To decorate her verdant isle.
 Then ERIN come, assist thy bard,
 Thy heart will feel a full reward ;
 Bounty to such a cause applied
 Will live a mark of patriot pride.
 Haste then, at once, that bounty pour,
 To rescue genius, learning, MOORE.

ANACREON, fam'd in ancient times,
 To love and wine decreed his rhymes ;
 Behold him now in British lore,
 And full as graceful as before *.
 With learning, taste, and genius fraught,
 MOORE all the Grecian's spirit caught,
 And Britain hence may well avow,
 She boasts her own ANACREON now.

The Teian bard, with humour gay,
 Thus to his friends was wont to say :—
 “ Well I know that when I'm dead,
 Wine you'll pour, and roses spread,
 O'er the spot where rests my head,
 But throw not such good things away,
 Let me enjoy them while I may,
 Give me the wine and flow'rs to-day.”

And ERIN, thou, no doubt, to shew
 Respect and love, when MOORE lies low,
 Wilt plant unfading wreaths to bloom
 Around thy poet's honour'd tomb ;
 Wilt bumpers quaff of votive wine,
 In annual homage to his shrine.

* Mr. MOORE's Translation.

But then, alas ! the bard no more
 Will hear the festive table roar,
 No more will strike the magic lyre,
 And strains of patriot love inspire ;
 Nor, wrapt beneath, in silent dust,
 Behold the pile or laurell'd bust
 His country then will proudly raise,
 And Fame inscribe with lasting praise.

Then ERIN, now with ardour strive,
 And aid thy poet while alive,
 For, when concludes his mortal doom,
 His works will form the noblest tomb.

ODE TO ERIN.

HAIL, ERIN, hail, time-honour'd isle,
 Soon to partake thy Sov'reign's smile*,
 Who leaves his native land for thee,
 Glad to behold thee firm and free ;
 Receive then, with thy wonted fire,
 A loyal people's patriot Sire.

The solemn compact now has past,
 Long, long, may all its blessings last,
 The compact, all rejoicing own,
 That binds the people and the throne ;
 And now he takes his patriot way,
 In fulness of imperial sway,
 To cheer his subject isles around,
 And honours first thy verdant ground.

* Written before HIS MAJESTY's visit to Ireland.

Yes, ERIN, not for thee alone
 He quits the splendor of a throne,
 But all its pomp resigns awhile,
 To spread around th' impartial smile ;
 For rumour says, he next will speed
 Across the liquid bounds of Tweed,
 With equal joy the realm to see
 Of valour and of poetry.
 Where BRUCE and WALLACE, SCOTIA's pride,
 In glory liv'd, in honour died ;
 Where THOMSON's vivid flow'rs shall glow
 Through Summer's heat and Winter's snow,
 Unfading still in Autumn's sere,
 Still in perennial Spring appear,
 And bloom till Nature's final year.

SCOTIA may also justly claim
 Due honours of poetic fame,
 For other bards of later days,
 Who wear the wreaths of native bays,
 And well adorn her classic spot,
 Her sportive BURNS and fertile SCOTT.
 Nor less may SCOTIA well demand
 The fame of Painting's magic hand,
 Whose WILKIE genuine humour shews,
 Whose RAEBURN's faithful canvas glows.

Such honours, ERIN, too, are thine,
 The Sister Arts for thee combine,
 Lo ! SHEE, whom kindred Muses fire,
 Or with the pencil or the lyre,
 While genius animates his art,
 And Freedom warms his manly heart.

Lo ! too, thine own ANACREON—MOORE,
 Who, deeply skill'd in Grecian lore,
 Has taught the Teian bard to shine
 With nobler grace on love and wine.
 Perchance, no longer led astray,
 He now may hail the new-born sway ;
 Not like the fawning courtier, run
 With incense to the rising sun, |
 But rouse his Muse to loyal lays,
 And greet his King with honest praise,
 While, o'er all heedless errors past,
 Oblivion shall her mantle cast.

But, e'er we close the votive strain,
 Reason and Justice might complain
 If we neglected here to pay
 To LEES * a tributary lay.
 Firm champion of the glorious cause,
 An empire's liberties and laws,
 Whose lofty mind and patriot heart
 Disdain the cold reserves of art,
 Alike as prompt to write or bleed,
 When call'd to guard our Holy Creed.
 Thus high amid thy patriot band,
 None make for truth a nobler stand,
 None more adorn their native land.

* SIR HARCOURT LEES.—This learned, eloquent and patriotic baronet, has manifested such zeal for the preservation of our establishments in church and state, and has so powerfully supported them in his various writings, that they form a treasure of political and ecclesiastical knowledge, which will render his name for ever dear to the friends of their country and of its pure orthodox faith.

Then, ERIN, hail ! with zeal prepare
 A gracious Monarch's smile to share,
 Receive with all thy wonted fire
 A loyal people's patriot Sire ;
 So may the shamrock, thistle, rose,
 While each in lasting vigour grows,
 Prove symbols of a world's repose.

ADDRESS

TO THE COMMITTEE FOR THE

PROPOSED MONUMENTS TO SHAKSPEARE,

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, AND IN THE
 METROPOLIS.

HAIL to that bard, o'er all sublime,
 Whose works shall scorn the pow'r of time,
 When others live no more !
 Nature preferr'd that happy isle,
 To bless with her prolific smile,
 Where freedom arms the shore.

Thee, Albion, for our SHAKSPEARE's birth,
 O'er all the wide expanse of earth,
 She chose to guard his fame ;
 Lest Superstition's bigot rage,
 Should strive to crush the moral stage,
 Beneath religion's name.

For still, alas ! has she design'd
 To hold in manacles the mind,
 As direful hist'ry tells !

Still deem'd that she was sent to rule,
That man was made her abject tool,
And when he thinks rebels.

Hence she might quench the Muse's fire,
That touch'd our Poet's matchless lyre,
To fetter still the mind,
That Muse who wing'd his daring flight,
To spread around Truth's sacred light,
And elevate mankind.

But Albion bigotry disdains,
And will protect her SHAKSPEARE's strains,
As she her shore defends;
She knows her wreath with his entwines,
With his her glory brighter shines,
And grace with safety blends.

Yet not in poesy alone,
Our mighty bard unrivall'd shone,—
Where'er his pow'rs we view,
Whether with awful tragic force,
Or humour's rich delightful source,
To virtue always true.

Such was his lofty, generous mind,
While ev'ry class of human kind,
To him alike were known,
Nought was below his care, his zeal
For e'en the beetle's* pang could feel,
And kindred nature own.

* ——— “ The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

If Time, with slow but certain rage,
 In passing o'er the wond'rous page,
 Has mark'd his envious sway,
 The blots, where beauties so abound,
 Are pebbles upon earth's vast round,
 Specks on the orb of day.

Shade of the Bard, whom all revere,
 If aught below thou deign'st to hear,
 Smile on the votive band
 Who join to raise, with patriot aim,
 A fond memorial of thy fame,
 To deck thy native land.

SHAKSPEARE *.

LET not the hand which makes this creature bleed,
 Be held condemn'd as wanting due remorse †;
 Nature design'd him for the use of man—
 Look through the products of her various toil,
 They all appear ordain'd for human good.
 The sea for man affords his scaly tribes,
 Some for his food, some to supply that oil
 Which lights the sage, who trims the midnight lamp,

* It is stated in the AUBREY MS. that the father of our great Poet was a butcher, and that the son, "when a boy, exercised his father's trade; but that, when he killed a calfe, he would do it in a *high style*, and *make a speech*." This account suggested the present supposed declamation.

† Remorse, in SHAKSPEARE's time, signified "pity".

Intent on works to sound his Maker's praise,
 And shew the mighty wonders of his hand,
 That all may bow with rev'rence and with fear.
 The lofty oak that spreads his branches round,
 And seems to bid defiance to old Time,
 Grows for the state's convenience or defence,
 And the sharp axe subdues its tow'ring pride,
 For inland habitation, or to ride
 Majestic on the waves that, round the shores
 Of our dear England, guard her gen'ral weal.
 Nor can the roving travellers of air
 Escape the subtle toils of skilful man,
 Made as they were to serve his purpose here.
 This earth, the restless main, and flexile air,
 Administer utility to man :
 Nor is that element, of dreadful pow'r,
 Which seems, when Heaven shall compass its great
 ends,
 Form'd for consuming ruin to the rest,
 Less fitted to subserve our daily need :
 Man by his arts can guide its baleful course,
 Taming its fury to the aid of life.—
 Then let not Pity turn with fear aside,
 And view with horror what I now shall slay—
 Unlike our race that looks with boding awe
 Upon the scenes the future may bring forth,
 He sees no terror in approaching death,
 Nor feels the pangs that guilty conscience deals—
 Now then I strike—and hence ye all may share
 The food which Nature in its bounty gives.

ON THE RETIREMENT OF
JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, ESQ.

FROM THE STAGE.

THE Tragic Muse had sunk in grief,
That seem'd almost to spurn relief,
When SIDDONS left the Stage !
Yet was she sooth'd as KEMBLE still
Remain'd, her SHAKSPEARE'S scenes to fill
With dignity or rage.

His BRUTUS she beheld with awe,
And stern CORIOLANUS saw
With all his lofty mien ;
Time seem'd in backward course to glide,
And Rome to rise in ancient pride,
To grace Britannia's scene ;

The piteous woe of frantic LEAR,
The direness*, yet compunctious fear,
That marks th' ambitious THANE,
Malignant RICHARD'S savage ire,
JOHN'S baleful gloom, and PERCY'S fire,
But chief the princely DANE.

Nor less his zeal, acute and sage,
To clear the text of cank'ring age,
And brighten ev'ry line—

* Vide MACBETH, Act v. Scene v.

A praise which few with him can share—
That Avon's bard, the nation's care,
In purest light may shine*.

The Muse, his worth thus pond'ring o'er,
His form majestic, classic lore,

Then utter'd with a sigh :—
“ Alas ! my lofty scenes I fear,
Which now in living truth appear,
Will soon with KEMBLE die !

Too soon the scenic sphere he leaves,
Too soon the public he bereaves
Of SHAKSPEARE's breathing page ;
Too soon, like SIDDONS, he retires,
While glowing with his wonted fires,
And unsubdu'd by age.

Too soon he quits an Art design'd
To charm and moralize mankind,
Where pleasure leads to right ;
An Art which could that bard inspire,
From whom all other bards retire,
Lost in his glorious light.

Hail to that Art, in early time
By me inspir'd, august, sublime,
Religion's aid below,
That man reflects through all his course,
Makes conscious Guilt feel keen remorse,
And conscious Virtue glow.

* Vide “ MACBETH and RICHARD THE THIRD, an Essay,”
written by Mr. KEMBLE ; and also his new Editions of many of
SHAKSPEARE's Plays, which he revised and corrected.

And hail to him whose ardent aim
 To give that art its noblest fame,
 In splendor rais'd it high ;
 So high, had Fortune been inclin'd
 To aid his bold and pregnant mind,
 With Athens it might vie.

But with consoling joy I find,
 Taste, Judgment, Friendship, have combin'd
 To dedicate a day,
 With emulative zeal to meet
 Genius to grace on his retreat,
 And well-earn'd honours pay."

Thus spoke the Muse, and while we share
 Her fond regret, be now our care
 A just and grateful deed—
 Let then at once this social band,
 Rise, with the votive glass in hand,
 To " KEMBLE'S health" decreed.

Distant, long distant, be the day
 That calls him from life's stage away,
 Where, well-perform'd his part,
 Where, far aloof from vulgar strife,
 He shone the grace of private life,
 The model for his art.

But when her awful curtain Fate
 Shall drop upon his mortal state,
 May he depart serene—
 Depart as much devoid of pain
 As those whom he so oft had slain
 Upon the mimic scene.

And let the last recording stave,
 Inscrib'd upon his honour'd grave,
 Declare, with no parade,
 "Here lies the man who, while his art
 Was seen to prop a noble part,
 He then himself display'd."

L I N E S

ON THE FINAL PERFORMANCE OF
 HAMLET BY THE LATE MR. KEMBLE,
 THE CHARACTER IN WHICH HE FIRST APPEARED ON THE
 LONDON STAGE.

KEMBLE 'twill grieve the public heart,
 That thou shouldst leave thy fav'rite part,
 The part that rais'd at once thy name,
 And fix'd it on the roll of fame,
 Gifted so well in form and mind,
 With all the mighty Bard design'd.
 For grant that Time has touch'd thy brow,
 And thou art not "Young HAMLET" now,
 Yet when the Princely Dane we see
 With so much grace adorn'd by thee,
 With so much spirit, force and truth,
 We shall not miss the charm of youth,
 But of our hasty loss complain,
 And sighing own, though trite the strain,
 "We ne'er shall view thy like again."

ON SEEING THAT THE NAME OF
THE LATE MR. KEMBLE
HAD BEEN REMOVED FROM HIS LAST RESIDENCE.

WHAT though the door, on mould'ring brass
No longer bears his name,
That name to latest times will pass,
Stamp'd by recording Fame.

Yet must an anxious sigh arise,
When Friendship views the dome,
To think that Fortune thus denies
To Genius its lov'd home.

That home, with modest plenty stor'd,
Where learning, taste, combin'd
To spread around the classic board
The banquet of the mind.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THE Sage of SAMOS held this creed,
If rightly we his doctrine read—

The spirit never dies,
But when expell'd one mass of clay,
Straight to another takes its way,
And thus through nature flies.

And hence, perchance, ANACREON's soul
Through many a diff'rent shape might roll,
Extinct his tuneful strain ;

At length, with all his wonted fire,
 For Britain he might strike the lyre,
 In human form again.

Well let us trust the Sage's lore,
 And fancy Teos' bard once more
 In DIBDIN* we shall find:

But, now, no longer sensual joy,
 Far nobler themes his lyre employ,
 The loyal, moral, kind.

To prompt a ready aid to woe,
 To spread around a martial glow,
 And patriot feelings raise ;
 To teach us all our lot to bear,
 And rest on Heaven's benignant care,
 Has DIBDIN tun'd his lays.

He, like the festive Bard of yore,
 To Love and Wine gay homage bore,
 Yet always pure the strain :
 But chief our Tars inspir'd his song,
 To them his hand and heart belong—
 The Poet of the Main.

ANACREON sigh'd when he grew old,
 Though Greece was proud to lavish gold,
 Her vet'ran Bard to cheer ;
 Ah ! Britain emulate her zeal,
 To DIBDIN equal bounty deal,
 While yet he lingers here.

* The late CHARLES DIBDIN.

ON THE REPORT* THAT
 GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ. THE YOUNGER,
 HAD RECEIVED THE HONOUR OF KNIGHTHOOD AT THE
 CORONATION.

So COLMAN has been dubb'd Sir Knight—
 The gracious Monarch's boon was right,
 The Bard deserves it well,
 For those who know this Bard must know
 With loyalty his feelings glow,
 As all his efforts tell.

Prince HARRY, when he gain'd the crown,
 Cast all his late companions down,
 Discarding e'en old JACK;
 Not all his humour could avail,
 Not all the prompt facetious tale,
 Not all his merry clack.

Unlike the Monarch of the play,
 When Princely GEORGE gain'd regal sway,
 Aloof from churlish pride,
 Those who had shar'd his festive hour,
 He kept to profit by his pow'r,
 Nor one was thrown aside.

Our Monarch's Set, indeed, we find
 Were comrades of a diff'rent kind
 From HAL's unlicens'd band,

* This report, it seems, was without foundation.

For men with wit and knowledge stor'd
 Partook of GEORGE's princely board,
 Men who adorn the land.

Hence COLMAN, just as ready, gay,
 As FALSTAFF in each matchless play,
 With all his sportive vein,
 FALSTAFF in head, but not in heart,
 May well, without mean courtly art,
 His Sov'reign's smile retain.

But let not e'en that Sov'reign's smile
 Thee COLMAN, from the Muse beguile,
 And make thee slight her praise ;
 For justice, gratitude, must own,
 She gave thee a Parnassian throne,
 And crown'd thee with her bays.

THE ART OF ACTING.

To prove an actor whose renown
 May fascinate the wond'ring town,
 Hear my instructive rules ;
 And should admirers raise thy name
 To topmost heights of scenic fame,
 Deem all who censure fools.

On ent'ring first upon the stage
 Rush forward as if sudden rage
 Were madd'ning o'er thy mind ;
 Or, when the scene's in open street,
 As if from bailiffs to retreat,
 Pursuing close behind.

Speak not, but hold a gloomy pause,
 For such profound attention draws,
 Nor fear to pause too long ;
 Then eye the ground with furious scowl,
 And vent a wild mysterious growl,
 To scare the gaping throng.

When a soliloquy to speak,
 It matters not, or growl or squeak,
 Still pacing to and fro,
 Making a sort of whirling stride,
 As if thy cloak from side to side
 The winds in sport should blow.

Be it in dialogue thy plan,
 Address'd by woman or by man,
 To turn away thy face,
 Let him, or her, sculk in the rear,
 That thou may'st in the front appear
 With independent grace.

Hence all will turn their eyes on thee,
 And others scarcely hear or see,
 While they indignant moan ;
 But heed not thou their peevish spleen,
 So thou art still conspicuous seen,
 And be THYSELF ALONE.

When in an awful court to wait,
 Where Justice sits in regal state,
 Still in the van appear ;
 And if the prince on thee should call,
 Turning thy back on him and all,
 Seem scornfully to hear.

Such conduct in an actual court,
 The chief might deem a wanton sport,
 Or arrogant offence ;
 But higher rules the stage sustain,
 And Genius there may well disdain
 Dull decency and sense.

The tragic Muse empassion'd glows,
 Starts from the bounds of simple prose,
 And Nature's humble sphere :
 But 'tis thy purpose to be plain,
 And hence, how high soe'er the strain,
 To common life adhere.

When some heroic part to grace
 Of Poesy's immortal race,
 Heed not the proud sublime ;
 But drop the lofty epic lay,
 And speak in a familiar way,
 As asking " What's the time ? "

To tap the forehead and the heart,
 Or fix like sculpture in a start,
 Are arts well known of yore ;
 But with a wild mysterious air,
 In circling scratch to rouse thy hair,
 Will touch an audience more.

If thou hast need to mention hell,
 Pronounce it with terrific yell—
 Nought human should be found ;
 And more to raise thy roaring pow'r
 Go seek old Nero in the Tow'r,
 To catch the proper sound.

Learn how to manage well thy face,
 Nor condescend to placid grace,
 But frantic features wear ;
 And when convuls'd by passion's storm,
 Thy mouth should shew an oval form,
 Or, more to strike, a square.

Thy skill in interjection shew,
 Seem lab'ring with too deep a woe
 For words to bring relief ;
 Then language would be weak and vain,
 And while thy lungs sublimely strain,
 In guggling vent thy grief.

So may'st thou boundless pow'r attain,
 O'er managers triumphant reign,
 And make them dread thy frown ;
 Make them thy nod submissive wait,
 And, fixing ev'ry actor's fate,
 Then madden all the town.

ON THE ASTRONOMICAL LECTURES,

DELIVERED BY MR. BARTLEY.

BARTLEY, with science, judgment, zeal combin'd,
 Displays the wonders of th' Almighty mind,
 And, aided by the scenes which Art supplies,
 Nature explores in imitative skies ;
 Here the vast system is sublimely shewn,
 And manifests Omnipotence alone :

Not the blind work, as impious fools advance,
 Of jarring atoms, harmoniz'd by chance,
 But emanating from th' exhaustless source
 Of boundless goodness, wisdom, knowledge, force.

BARTLEY, with manly firmness, temper'd fire,
 Which Heav'n's stupendous fabric must inspire,
 Proves what he speaks, with solemn awe, he feels,
 Duly impress'd by all that he reveals :
 Impress'd by wonders that absorb the soul,
 The beauty, grandeur, wisdom, of the whole.

Atheist, if e'er an atheist can be found,
 Yet view Creation's miracles around ;
 Atheist attentive listen—doubt no more,
 But bend in penitence, and God adore.

STANZAS TO THE WILLOWS,

THE SEAT OF MAJOR BETHUNE, NEAR WINDSOR.

ALL hail to the Willows, dear spot,
 Where now I at leisure retire,
 If near I could build me a cot
 The world I should cease to admire.

There folly and vice so abound,
 There all are so eager for gain,
 That virtue but rarely is found,
 Or sinking in want and in pain.

Lo ! Thames, how it tranquilly flows,
 As smooth as if sinking to rest,
 Thus Innocence feels soft repose,
 While Guilt bears a storm in its breast.

Lo ! the wild roving tenants of air,
 That wing to the lawn or the tree,
 Subsisting on Nature's kind fare,
 Quite happy because they are free.

Oh ! freedom, next health, the chief joy
 That Fate can on mortals bestow,
 Abounding in sweets that ne'er cloy,
 All else are but trifles below.

See the peacock its plumage displays,
 Like Beauty at court in full dress,
 That lovers may eagerly gaze,
 And all for her favour may press.

See the poultry contend in the chase,
 When their mistress the food deals around,
 An emblem of man's struggling race,
 Where int'rest to tempt them is found.

Shall the peacock appear in the song,
 And shall we his mate disregard,
 Who follows him all the day long,
 If weather be mild or be hard ?

Ah ! would ev'ry husband and wife
 Take pattern from this plummy pair,
 'Twould soften the sorrows of life,
 And quarrels in wedlock be rare.

Fair Willows from thee we survey,
 Of Eton that temple of Fame,
 To stand in the poem of GRAY,
 Defying old Time's deadly aim.

For if, by the changes of Fate,
 The temple itself should decay,
 Yet Fame shall record its high state,
 Secur'd by the genius of GRAY.

But Guardians of Albion be near,
 Protect still of Learning the dome,
 To Science and Virtue so dear,
 That Genius may there find a home.

So may Statesmen and Patriots there rise,
 Defenders by land and by sea,
 And engage in the boldest emprise,
 To keep our great Empire still free.

From thee too we, Willows, behold,
 That castle, stupendous and rare,
 The retreat of our monarchs of old,
 From the turmoils of national care.

Oh ! may all our monarchs be hence,
 Like EDWARDS and HENRYS of yore,
 Renown'd for their valour and sense,
 Till Time's earthly race shall be o'er.

Thou poplar in Canada born,
 Ye cedars old Lebanon's pride,
 May ye still this lov'd villa adorn,
 While Thames by its border shall glide.

Thames DENHAM and POPE sung in lays
 To last while its current still flows,
 And Britain's dread thunder conveys,
 O'er the world to defy all her foes.

Yon oak how it soars to the skies,
 And proudly its arms spreads around,
 As conscious to Britain a prize,
 If tow'ring or stretch'd on the ground.

When living it graces the land,
 When dead, though its beauty be o'er,
 Its strength then no foes can withstand,
 The terror of each hostile shore.

But let me the grove not forget,
 Where verdure perennial is found,
 And the Major reflecting is set,
 To view the rich landscape around.

And there, with affectionate zeal,
 He thinks of his mother away,
 And fancies she pleasure will feel
 In reading this dull humble lay.

The barking of Watch * I now hear,
 Some stranger perchance at the gate,
 Methinks I his paws see him rear,
 The mansion to guard soon and late.

Ah ! Watch, such a friend is but rare,
 For bribes can ne'er lead thee astray,
 Content with thy shed and thy fare,
 Still ready to guard or to play.

Ah ! Thames, I the strain must prolong,
 While careless I rove by thy side,
 Demanding a bard's noblest song,
 To hail with due honours thy tide.

* The house-dog, since killed by a robber.

As winding thy current proceeds,
 An emblem of Man it displays,
 Now radiant like Virtue's pure deeds,
 Now cloudy like Error's dark maze.
 Yet Muse let me add to the lay,
 To mention the Major's fair dame *,
 The debt of affection to pay,
 A debt that she justly may claim ;
 Her infantile worth I well knew,
 Predicting 'twould last through her life,
 And time proves the prophecy true,
 As daughter, as sister, and wife.
 Now Willows at present adieu,
 On thy beauties I longer could dwell,
 With pleasure those beauties I view,
 With sorrow shall bid them farewell.
 With thee Worth and Friendship abide,
 With promptitude anxious to please,
 And may it be always thy pride
 To boast of such tenants as these.

ADIEU TO THE WILLOWS.

ADIEU to the Willows, dear place,
 Where Virtue and Kindness preside,
 Where Nature displays all her grace.
 The prospect so varied and wide.

* The Author's daughter-in-law.

If e'er I return to your shades,
 Around me with freedom to roam,
 In a season that blooms or that fades,
 I shall still find a welcome like home.

Again then, ye Willows, adieu,
 Adieu to the Major and dame,
 Throughout the vast world very few
 So well are entitled to Fame.

For Fame is not due to the proud,
 Who with riches and grandeur may swell,
 But her clarion on those should be loud,
 Who in wisdom and virtue excel.

And hence I reluctant must part,
 And bid thee adieu once again,
 Since worth of the mind and the heart
 Preside o'er thy beauteous domain.

FABLE.

JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

FROM LESSING.

A GENTLE sheep, whose simple heart
 Was free from all disguise and art,
 Once bent before the throne of Jove,
 And his compassion tried to move ;
 Of spite and malice she complain'd,
 And begg'd that Jove, if still he reign'd
 With justice, would her cause befriend,
 And all her various sorrows end ;

The God, indulgent, heard her pray'r,
 And thus essay'd to ease her care.
 " I see," said he, " poor harmless dame,
 That you with reason hither came,
 I see that when I first began
 To form Creation's ample plan,
 I quite neglected to provide
 An armour to defend your hide ;
 But now since this defect I see,
 Let me apply a remedy ;
 Say, shall your mouth this moment show,
 Of teeth, a strong tremendous row ?
 Or shall sharp claws defend your feet,
 To punish ev'ry foe you meet ?"
 " No," said the sheep, " pray make not me
 Like beasts that prey on all they see."
 " Shall venom from your tongue arise ?"
 " No ! all the pois'nous snake despise."
 " Shall I give vigour to your neck ?
 Shall sturdy horns your forehead deck ?"
 " No, Father, no, for then I might
 In mischief, like the goat, delight."
 " But you should have the pow'r to harm,
 That beasts may wisely take th' alarm,
 And fear your anger to excite,
 Lest they should justly suffer by't."
 " No, leave me as I am, said she,
 From every thought of mischief free ;
 Had I the pow'r of doing ill,
 Too soon I might possess the will ;
 I to injustice can submit,
 Rather, oh ! Sire, than practise it."

JOVE, blessing the poor harmless sheep,
 Her innocence still bade her keep ;
 And she, her old complaints forgot,
 In peaceful quiet bears her lot.

The good, though injur'd, will controul
 The warm revenge that stirs the soul ;
 And rather under evils rest,
 Than cruelly their foes molest.

FABLE.

JUPITER AND THE HORSE.

FROM THE SAME.

To Jove the Horse for audience prest,
 Which giv'n, he thus the God addrest ;
 “ Immortal Sire of man and brute,
 Whose wise decree none dare dispute,
 Though all men own my shape exceeds
 Whate'er prolific Nature breeds,
 And though I feel myself inclin'd
 To be entirely of their mind ;
 Yet, with submission, mighty Jove,
 I think you might my form improve.”
 “ Ay,” said the God, “ pray let me hear,
 And speak your thoughts devoid of fear.”
 “ Since ”, said the Horse, “ you leave allow,
 I'll venture to inform you how
 I think t'would much increase my speed,
 And even mend my form indeed ;

If thinner, longer, legs you'd made,
 Than those which now my body aid ;
 Nor would you quite have lost your care,
 If you had dignified my air,
 By making, like the stately swan,
 'The little neck I now have on ;
 I should have greater strength possest,
 If you had given a larger chest ;
 And since you destin'd me to bear
 The fav'rite object of your care,
 Upon my back if you had plac'd
 A nat'ral saddle, 'twould have grac'd
 Much better my appearance there,
 Than that of art which now I wear."
 The God his awful silence broke,
 And bade him stop, while loud he spoke
 Creation's great tremendous word ;—
 Immediately a noise was heard,
 A tremor seiz'd the lab'ring earth,
 Which seem'd to bear a monst'rous birth,
 When straight his head the Camel rear'd,
 And to the frighted Horse appear'd.
 " Behold," said Jove, " what you requir'd,
 A figure just what you desir'd ;
 Long slender legs his form bedeck,
 A larger chest, a longer neck,
 And on his back, examine that,
 The saddle you just hinted at ;
 Say, shall that form to you be sent,
 Or are you with your own content ?"
 The Horse survey'd his hideous look,
 Stood mute, with utmost terror shook.

“ Go,” said the God, with angry eyes,
 “ Let what’s before you make you wise,
 For once thy rashness I pass o’er,
 But mind, offend me so no more ;
 Yet that thou may’st of this repent,”
 His eyes then on the Camel bent,
 “ Go, humble beast, the God pursu’d,
 In mind content, in figure rude,
 Go, and thy new-made being bear,
 From murmurs free and groundless care,
 And may the horse that form of thine,
 Behold with fear nor more repine.”

Repine not at the gifts of Fate,
 Nor ask the Gods to change your state,
 Lest when the wish’d-for things you’ve got,
 You more lament your alter’d lot.

FABLE.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE PEACOCK.

FROM THE SAME.

A NIGHTINGALE, of manners free,
 Who dearly lov’d society,
 Seeking for real friends in vain
 Amongst the envious tuneful train,
 Thought that she one might chance to find
 With birds of quite a diff’rent kind ;

Away she to the Peacock flew,
 Commends her tail of various hue ;
 And all her richly mingled dyes,
 She gazes on with raptur'd eyes.
 The Peacock, not to be outdone,
 Her strains of gratitude begun ;
 Harangu'd on Philomela's praise,
 The melting music of her lays,
 And her warm panegyric ends
 With hopes they ever might be friends ;
 " Envy ", says Philomel, " in vain
 May strive to break the gentle chain,
 For Nature gave, with bounteous care,
 Such diff'rent merits, we shall ne'er
 In dang'rous competition aim
 For the same kind of public fame.
 We move in quite a diff'rent sphere,
 You charm the eye, and I the ear."
 In Friendship's bands they enter'd straight,
 Devoid of jealousy and hate,
 And pass'd through life their harmless days,
 In mutual love and mutual praise.

Those men whose talents are the same,
 Can seldom feel pure Friendship's flame,
 For Envy soon will damp the fire,—
 And emulation first inspire,
 Then boldly rear her snaky head,
 And all her baleful poisons shed.

MUSIC.

“ Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony.”

APOLLO, regretting his favour so long
Had Italy grac'd with the Genius of song,
Less partial to seem, cast his eyes all around,
Resolving to raise a new Master of sound.

To Germany then he gave HANDEL sublime,
Whose strains will be heard 'till the death of old Time,
Those strains that, resistless, pathetic and grand,
Comprise the whole scope for the voice and the band.

APOLLO this prodigy view'd with a smile,
And deem'd him e'en worthy of Britain's fam'd isle,
That isle where alone can true freedom be found,
While carols of loyalty echo around.

When HANDEL had long his full honours maintain'd,
And supreme o'er the regions of Harmony reign'd,
APOLLO decreed he from earth should remove,
To preside o'er the choir of the Muses above.

Many years had elaps'd, and the God wish'd to know
If HANDEL retain'd his due honours below :
Of skill instrumental he found a rich store,
To give with precision and grandeur the score,
But a songstress was wanting whose pow'rs might
impart

Those strains that at once find the way to the heart:
The God then to prove that to HANDEL belong
All the wonders of Harmony, Melody, Song,

His fame to complete, and to honour him more,
 Such a songstress inspir'd on his own native shore * :
 Then MARA came forth, and his shade to rejoice,
 Fulfill'd all his aim for the band and the voice.

With such sweetness she sung, with such judgment
 and fire,
 That Envy, surpris'd, could but hear and admire ;
 Sublime and pathetic, so strong, yet refin'd,
 The ear was enraptur'd, exalted the mind :
 APOLLO, approving, the crown on her plac'd,
 As Empress of Music, Expression, and Taste.

TO MADAME MARA.

AH ! MARA, since we ne'er again
 Shall hear the wonders of thy strain,
 Which gave us such delight,
 Leave some memorial of thine art
 Which once could move at will the heart,
 Nor let us lose thee quite.

How frail the songster's, actor's, pow'r,
 Confin'd to life's short casual hour—

A GARRICK charms no more !
 He who in SHAKSPEARE's mighty Muse
 A potent spirit could infuse,
 Which made her higher soar.

* MARA was born at Hesse Cassel.

And MARA, 'twas thy peerless praise
 To give to HANDEL's lofty lays
 A more attractive charm ;
 To rouse with energy the soul,
 Or sooth it with a soft controul,
 And Envy's self disarm.

Yet GARRICK, sov'reign of the heart,
 Some written record of his art
 Might still have left behind,
 Unrivall'd then through ev'ry age,
 The world had found the British stage,
 The mirror of mankind.

And, MARA, thou canst well impart
 Some lessons of thy tuneful art,
 To smooth our native strain ;
 That Britain's free heroic race
 May hence, adorn'd with gentler grace,
 All foreign aid disdain.

LOVE,

TO BE INTRODUCED IN COLLINS'S "ODE ON
 THE PASSIONS."

NEXT a fair form with modest gestures came,
 Whose eyes were glist'ning with a lambent flame,
 Gently she took the Harp, such as of yore,
 The hallow'd Hebrew monarch bore,
 And seem'd to touch it with a hand divine.

An awful silence soon prevail'd around,
 Yet awe with pleasure was immingling found,
 As if the sounds were from Religion's shrine.
 When asked her name, she with a blush confest
 'Twas LOVE, and then she ventur'd to protest
 SHE only could inspire the female breast :
 Declaring man felt not her purer fire,
 But rather the wild flame of loose desire.
 She claim'd from SERAPHIM her high descent,
 And said her constant effort where she went,
 Was still to regulate man's grosser kind,
 And touch their breasts with sympathies refin'd,
 That all on earth might know 'twas only LOVE
 Could give a foretaste of the bliss above.

Truth then advanc'd from Music's simple cell,
 For Truth with Harmony is fond to dwell,
 Proclaiming LOVE, above all worldly art,
 And scorning fabled CUPID's pointless dart,
 Chose her pure mansion in the female heart.

LOVE, in COLLINS's "Ode on the Passions", is mentioned incidentally, and unprovided with a musical instrument to express her emotions.

MADRIGAL.

AWAY, delusive Love, away,
 Strive not again my heart to sway,
 Nor think to cheat my wary eyes,
 Conceal'd in Friendship's fair disguise.

Full well I know that ANNA's heart
 Could ev'ry charm of life impart,
 The firm and softer virtues blend,
 As tender wife and faithful friend.

And had I met the dame in youth,
 Her form, her gentleness and truth,
 Had made me bend before thy shrine,
 To beg that ANNA might be mine.

But now, dread Tyrant, 'tis too late
 To change the colour of my fate,
 No more my breast shall feel thy glow,
 And friendship's all it now can know.

But this I own, to sooth thy pride,
 I take not reason for my guide,
 And only can I 'scape thy snare
 In absence from the gentle Fair.

Thus, ANNA, I the god address'd,
 The little tyrant of the breast,
 And thus indeed I truly said,
 Too justly of thy charms afraid.

The god derides my daring boast,
 He knows that if with thee I'm lost,
 Fly then, my Fair, to keep me free,
 For ah ! I ne'er can fly from thee.

SONG.

NOT for MARIA's lovely face,
 Though there all beauties charm,
 Not for her form's angelic grace
 My bosom feels alarm.
 Not for her voice's rapt'rous sound,
 That stills the roving air,
 Nor e'en her converse gives the wound,
 Though wisdom triumphs there.
 The charm that animates the whole,
 And gives my heart its chain,
 Is her sublime inspiring soul
 Where all the virtues reign.

SONG,

FOR A LADY,

WRITTEN BY DESIRE OF THE LATE MRS. INCHBALD.

WHAT strange contradictions we meet with in life,
 How oddly are Nature and Custom at strife,
 If one gives a damsel a heart that can feel,
 Then Custom forbids her its throbs to reveal.
 As our sex their beauty possess but to charm,
 Sure love in the other can ne'er be thought harm,
 And if in the men we affection should find,
 'Tis only fair dealing when women are kind.

Then since 'tis my fate to have met with a man
 Whose worth I must love, let me strive all I can,
 I'll leave to cold Custom the hypocrite's art,
 To Nature pay homage and tell my whole heart.

EPIGRAM.

How amiable is H——t's Muse,
 How loth the erring heart to wring,
 In satire she no force will use,
 Nor e'en give Epigram a sting.

MY UNCLE *.

Who dwells at yonder three blue balls,
 Where Poverty so often calls,
 To place her relics in his walls?

My Uncle.

Who cheers the heart with "Money Lent,"
 When friends are cold, and all is spent,
 Receiving only—*cent. per cent.*?

My Uncle.

* As some dutiful poets, in imitation of COWPER's "Mary", have favoured the world with effusions of kindred regard for "My Father", "My Mother", and even "My Granny", it is proper to pay a tender tribute to the *readiest* of all relations.

Who cares not what distress may bring,
 If stol'n from beggar or from king,
 And, like the sea, takes ev'ry thing?

My Uncle.

Who, wiser than each sage of yore,
 Who alchemy would fain explore,
 Can make whate'er he touches, ore?

My Uncle.

Who, when the wretch is sunk in grief,
 And none besides will yield relief,
 Will aid the honest or the thief?

My Uncle.

Who, when detection threatens law,
 His secret stores will open draw,
 That future rogues may stand in awe?

My Uncle.

Bought wisdom is the best, 'tis clear,
 And since 'tis better as more dear,
 We, for high usance, should revere

My Uncle.

And though to make the heedless wise,
 He cheats in all he sells or buys,
 To work a moral purpose tries

My Uncle.

Who, when our friends are quite withdrawn,
 And hypocrites no longer fawn,
 Takes all but honour into pawn?

My Uncle.

ON HEARING THAT J. W. CROKER, ESQ. SECRETARY TO
THE ADMIRALTY HAD FALLEN FROM HIS HORSE.

LEARN from this danger to beware
Of horses of the vulgar breed,
And hence unbend from public care
By mounting thy Parnassian steed.

Then, if o'er sea or land * he course,
He'll ne'er thy skilful guidance spurn,
But Taste will regulate his force,
And Fame shall welcome his return.

ON GATHERING MOSS FROM THE MONUMENT DEDICATED
BY POPE TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER, AT TWICK-
ENHAM.

HAIL ! gentle shade of him whose filial love,
This shrine records, amid the lonely grove,
Where Nature, taught by thy creative mind,
Rev'rent preserves whate'er thy taste design'd ;
While all around imparts a solemn grace,
And thy own genius animates the place !
No foe to Virtue and the sacred Nine
Comes, with unhallow'd aim, to touch that shrine,

* See the beautiful poems of " Trafalgar " and " Talavera ",
written by this gentleman.

But one who fondly gleans, with awful care,
 The verdant honour Time has nurtur'd there,
 The precious relic emulous to guard,
 Pledge of the pious son and moral bard.

ON HEARING THAT THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS AT TWICK-
 ENHAM, PLANTED BY POPE, HAD BEEN CONVERTED
 INTO A COMMON GARDEN.

OH ! thou, to taste, and nobler feelings dead,
 Whose ruthless hand this vulgar ruin spread,
 Where POPE's chaste fancy deck'd the classic ground,
 In her lov'd haunt the British Muse to wound ;
 In the lov'd haunt the Muse herself had rear'd,
 By Genius, Nature, and by Time endear'd.
 Ne'er can that Muse her deep regret proclaim,
 But brands the havock with eternal shame.
 Thus he of yore, ambitious, wild, and vain,
 Destroy'd, at Ephesus, the sacred fane !
 Yet 'twas the love of fame beguil'd his mind,
 And some excuse in human pride we find ;
 Fame that impels the heart to bold emprise ;
 Fame that ensnares the virtuous and the wise ;
 But thou, unknown, and reckless of a name,
 Deaf to the madd'ning voice of Siren fame,
 Thou, guilt that nothing palliates, couldst deface
 What Genius, Nature, Time, were proud to grace.

DOUBTFUL AFFECTION.

HAD ORPHEUS really lov'd his buried wife,
 And went to hell to bring her back to life,
 When he again has lost the darling Fair,
 He had return'd in hell's worst pains to share,
 And thought, to be with her, that Heav'n was there.

ON

A PORTRAIT OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

BEHOLD this form august, with patriot awe—
 The faithful guardian of his country's law ;
 By Wisdom sway'd on Virtue's purest plan ;
 The righteous judge, and the benignant man ;
 Hence Fame shall ELDON's worth record with pride,
 A bright example, an unerring guide.

LINES

SENT WITH AN EQUESTRIAN TOBACCO-STOPPER.

A HORSE, dear Sir, I send you now
 That ne'er will break your neck, I vow,
 That ne'er will prove a wanton ranger,
 Nor be expensive in the manger.

If corn in price be low or high,
 He ne'er will pant for a supply.
 This steed has no unruly tricks
 Ne'er starts, nor stumbles, bites, nor kicks.
 Where'er he is, you'll find him still
 Dispos'd to stand or *stop* at will ;
 Therefore he ne'er will need a stripe,
 Quite ready when you take your pipe.
 And lo ! the Rider, sword in hand,
 As ready too at your command,
 He, like his Charger, ne'er will tire,
 But move or *stop*, as you require.
 To leave the Rider and his Horse
 And to the *stopper* turn, of course :
 From this a lesson all may gain
 A moral lesson apt and plain,
 As thus—we no loose word should drop,
 But, pipe or prattle, learn to *stop* ;
 And, like musicians, *stop in time*,—
 A hint to stop this idle rhyme.

ON A PUBLIC DISPUTE.

“ Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?”

'SQUIRE NEWBERY* and Doctor JAMES,
 Long friends, are now with adverse aims
 On noted pills and powder ;

* The late FRANCIS NEWBERY, Esq.

Alas ! this lamentable feud,
 If, by discretion not subdu'd,
 Will grow more fierce and louder.

NEWBERRY, as all who know him know,
 Would rather be a friend than foe—

A gentleman and scholar,
 With manly sense and gen'rous heart:
 It then must be a grievous smart
 That e'er can raise his choler.

Of potent virtue are the pills,
 For soon removing human ills,
 Renown'd as Analeptic ;
 So well indeed their worth is known,
 That all the world that worth will own,
 Nor can there be one sceptic.

The powder, too, of wond'rous pow'r,
 The fragile mortal frame to scour,
 And conquer ruthless fever ;
 To drive that furious fiend away,
 When Fate stands ready for its prey,
 Of life that fell bereaver.

Oh ! NEWBERRY, so well nam'd FRANK,
 Since free from humours sour and rank,
 Thy cheerful mood retain ;
 Thy taste, thy scientific store
 Of harmony, and classic lore,
 And thy poetic vein.

And thou*, the namesake of St. JAMES,
 No longer boast exclusive claims,
 But stop all senseless brawls ;

* Doctor JAMES, M.D.

Some moral med'cines strive to find
 To cure the fever of the mind,
 And keep within St. Paul's.

So shall the powder and the pill
 Defy disease, and keep us still
 In health till Nature call'th us ;
 Still, to protect the British nation,
 Preserve its valiant population,
 In spite of Death and Malthus.

ON GEORGE ROBINS, ESQ.

LANGFORD and SKINNER, in their day,
 'Midst auctioneers bore sov'reign sway,
 And just were deem'd their dealings ;
 Of public merit they had store,
 And none who knew them sought for more,
 Nor ask'd their private feelings.

But ROBINS stands on higher ground,
 With equal probity 'tis found
 He all their skill inherits ;
 He's always quick to knock down Vice,
 And for the Virtues gain due price,
 According to their merits.

And CHRISTIE well may notice claim,
 Professional and moral fame

Mark'd his career below :
 The son, whom parts and learning grace,
 His sire's example, proud to trace,
 Feels all the lineal glow.

GEORGE, in thy “ Catalogue ” of mind,
We much of solid worth can find,

Benevolence the chief—

Witness poor EMERY’S mournful band,
Rais’d by thy prompt and active hand,
From fell despairing grief.

When Death, Fate’s awful “ Auctioneer ”,
With his dread “ hammer ” shall appear,

GEORGE, fear not thou a jot ;
Thy actions *bid* so well below,
That when he strikes the mortal blow,
Thou’lt gain a happy *lot*.

PETER PINDAR’S ANNUITY *.

AN IMITATION.

“ I SOUGHT for Fortune’s smiles,” said PETER PINDAR,
“ When wanting fire, and scarcely worth a cinder,
In Europe, Africa, and Western Ind ;
My Muse accompanied me all the way,
And willing brought forth many a sportive lay,
But ah ! Dame Fortune I could never find.

* The late Dr. WOLCOT, a few days before his death, related to the author the origin of his connexion with the booksellers, in the following manner :—“ I was poor, and hunted in vain for Fortune in Europe, Africa, and the West Indies, but at last found her at a shop in Paternoster-row, laughing over my works, and advising the booksellers to buy the copy-right ” ; and this whimsical statement has since suggested the present imitation.

At length one morning 'twas my fate to go
To a fam'd shop in Paternoster-row—

I saw the goddess eye a book with glee :
Vent'ring to peep at what the dame was reading,
No proof, I must acknowledge, of good-breeding,
I found with rapture she was reading me.

Still more to prop my vanity and pride,
I saw she could not lay the book aside ;

Feasting delighted on each page, no doubt :
She read and laugh'd, and laugh'd and read again,
Wond'ring, amidst, at my prolific vein,
Nor clos'd the volume till she saw it out.

Turning her giggling visage then around,
The modest bard she in a corner found,

For I was always deem'd a bashful wight ;
Ah, ha ! thought I, I'm here in lucky time,
She'll tell ' the trade ' I'm sportive and sublime,
And bid them buy at once my copy-right.

So it fell out—' the trade ' with transport glow,
And strait the Walkers, Robinsons and Co.

Agreed to make the purchase firm and clear ;
They gave, for what the bard so sweetly sings
In praise of ministers, and queens and kings,
Two hundred—aye—and fifty pounds a-year.

But this provision first they wisely made,
For none can doubt the prudence of ' the trade ',

Viz. that all future offspring of my Muse
Should not be left to me to guide their fate,
And rear by parent puffs to man's estate,
But left to them to cherish or refuse.

'Twas granted, for I knew my tuneful brats,
Like kittens trusted to maternal cats,

Foster'd by booksellers would best succeed :
Besides, I knew my Muse, a thriving dame,
Would fan with fondness my poetic flame,

And, when I pleas'd, Parnassian bantlings breed.
Fortune then told them they had wisely done,
Such treasures to secure of wit and fun,

With praise I'm much too delicate to mention :
O'er-joy'd they gave, rich boon ! and Fame shall noise it,
My works, to charm the goddess in her closet,
And thus I tell the story of my pension."

THE LATE DR. WOLCOT'S CHARACTER OF DRYDEN AND
POPE VERSIFIED.

DRYDEN, embolden'd by his sturdy Muse,
Comes in drab jacket, and with hob-nail'd shoes ;
Arm'd with an oaken club, the moral clown,
Your vices to correct, will knock you down.—
POPE with his sword and bag, in court array,
By polish'd manners wins his easy way,
Thrusts his keen rapier with so sure an aim,
Knaves feel abash'd, and are reform'd by shame.

DR. WOLCOT said, "DRYDEN comes into a room like a clown, in a drugget jacket, with a bludgeon in his hand, and in hob-nail shoes. POPE enters like a gentleman, in full dress, with a bag and sword."

LINES

ON THE

REPORT "THAT THE PRESENT POSSESSOR OF BLENHEIM HAS
THE RIGHT TO DISPOSE OF IT AS HE PLEASES."

DRYADS and HAMADRYADS mourn
Those rural honours, rudely torn
From BLENHEIM's lov'd domain,
Which grateful Britain gave her Son
For Europe's safety, nobly won,
In ANNE's victorious reign.

Yet droop not, Damsels, in despair,
For WELLINGTON, his martial Heir,
Of true heroic race,
May o'er the votive spot preside,
To sooth a nation's wounded pride,
And consecrate the place.

LINES

ON THE REPORT THAT THE VICE-CHANCELLOR HAD DECIDED
IN FAVOUR OF THE DEFENDANT IN THE BLENHEIM CAUSE.

MARLBOROUGH may now, so law decrees,
With ruthless rage destroy the trees,
Till BLENHEIM's noble grounds are bare;
E'en Time is not so dire a foe,
For Time himself will ne'er lay low
The laurels Fame has planted there.

As he, his thousands wasting, bought
Italian trash *, not worth a groat,

While Reason cast a scornful look,
He hence, when trees will yield no cash,
Perchance, to gain more ancient trash,
Might barter BLENHEIM for a book.

Oh ! CHURCHILL †, hero of the day,
That blazon'd ANNE's triumphant sway,
On Britain turn thy patriot eyes ;
For though no hero of thy line
Was destin'd in her cause to shine,
Lo ! WELLINGTON thy loss supplies.

Nor need we fear the future race
Of this great Chief will e'er deface
The lofty honours of his tomb,
They, justly proud to bear his name,
Will guard the trophies of his fame,
And laurels of eternal bloom.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY A JEU D'ESPRIT, IMPORTING THAT LORD
ELDON WAS IN SEARCH OF THE LONGITUDE.

A WITLING flippant, pert and rude,
Thinks ELDON seeks the longitude,

* "Boccacio" was purchased for 2260*l*.

† JOHN CHURCHILL, first Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Because his speeches, deep and strong,
 Too weighty for the vulgar throng,
 Prove that his sound, reflecting, mind,
 Is always anxious truth to find;
 And hence, impell'd by pious awe,
 That justice may unite with law,
 Resolves, with conscientious pride,
 On full conviction to decide.

'Tis said truth oft is heard in jest—
 Well—let the fact then be confest;
 ELDON, with equity imbu'd
 Explores, indeed, the longitude—
 Intent to trace, with all his might,
 The longitude of wrong and right.

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ELDON.

HORACE has made his deathless page,
 A poet witty, moral, sage,
 To worth a record bear,
 And PROCULEIUS' honour'd name
 Has blended with his own in fame,
 For kind fraternal care.

Hence then, my Lord, he needs not fear
 Lest he presumptuous may appear
 Who now thy notice draws,

Whose humble Muse, exempt from guile
 Attempts to gain thy fav'ring smile,
 To aid a Brother's cause.

Like HORACE though I ne'er shall tow'r,
 Or boast like PROCULEIUS pow'r
 In bounty to be kind,
 Benevolence shall more prevail,
 And Pity's impulse turn the scale
 In ELDON's noble mind.

Had I, indeed, Horatian fire,
 How gladly should I strike the lyre,
 And strive his worth to trace,
 Whose virtues charm as well as awe,
 Whose justice mildly tempers law
 With dignity and grace.

Forgive, my Lord, this simple lay,
 Nor think I flatt'ring homage pay
 To win by servile art,—
 No—honest conscience will attest
 That all my humble hopes I rest
 On thy benignant heart.

THE Brother of the Author, to whom the noble Lord granted the appointment in question, has been dead some years, but his Lordship's kindness ought not to be forgotten.

LITERARY STUDIES.

FROM CICERO.

THE studies prompted by the Muse,
 Calm pleasures o'er the mind diffuse,
 In youth a sweet repast ;
 A solace in declining age,
 Refin'd pursuits that still engage,
 And undecaying last.

When Fortune smiles, with brighter rays,
 These studies animate our days,
 Adorning all around ;
 When Fortune frowns, their aid is nigh,
 A certain refuge to supply,
 Where still content is found.

They cheer our home, and where we stray
 Are kind companions of the way,
 Companions wisest, best ;
 And when the tranquil hours of night,
 To sleep's refreshing balm invite,
 They sooth us into rest.

HESIOD.

THE highest rank to those alone is due
 Whose native pow'rs discern the just and true,
 The second place of honour those should reach,
 Who learn and practise what the first may teach,—
 But they to wisdom and instruction blind,
 Are useless dross, the refuse of mankind.

IMPROMPTU.

ON THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON'S ALBUM.

ADMIR'D for beauty, elegance, and taste,
 When BLESSINGTON an Album would prepare,
 E'en Love himself impatiently might haste,
 Proud to record his votive homage there.

ON THE SAME.

"NONE but a PHIDIAS should attempt a JOVE"*;
 Hence to that classic Album none should soar,
 The record Beauty forms, and Taste must love,
 But daring BYRON, or persuasive MOORE.

CHISWICK.

A NAMELESS Bard of former days†,
 In praise of Chiswick tun'd his lays;
 He sung of ducal Devon's dome,
 As if 'twere worthy ancient Rome;
 He prais'd the decorated ground,
 And all the varied landscape round:
 Declaring, 'mid the beauties spread,
 The Tree of Knowledge rear'd its head.

* GARTH.

† See "Dodsley's Collection of Poems", vol. II.

The Bard indulg'd his fancy here,
 For then no tree like that was near;
 But 'twas a prophecy refin'd,
 The promise of a future mind
 That would the modest village grace,
 And shed a lustre o'er the place.
 A mind with knowledge amply fraught,
 By genius warm'd, by science taught;
 A mental Tree, whose tow'ring height
 Fame shall record, and Time ne'er blight.
 But now the prophecy to clear,
 And make the simple truth appear—
 Chiswick, with exultation, tells
 There SYMMONS*, British Virgil, dwells,
 And there, to honour Greece and Rome,
 Has British ÆSCHYLUS† a home.—
 Old Thames beholds them both with pride,
 Nor envies Tiber's classic side,
 Or fam'd Ilissus' tuneful tide.

ON THE TRANSLATION OF "THE ÆNEIS",

BY THE LATE REV. CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

THREE Poets in the daring task engage
 With MARO's charms to grace the British page,
 DRYDEN in native vigour roughly bold,
 PITT, more correct, but languid, tame, and cold,

* "The Æneid", translated by the late Reverend CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

† "The Agamemnon of Æschylus", translated by JOHN SYMMONS, Esq. A.M.

Last SYMMONS emulates the Mantuan's lays
 And twines the Roman with the British bays.
 While Genius, Learning, Judgment, Taste, unite
 To shew how VIRGIL would in English write ;
 With due allowance for our ruder phrase
 Compar'd with polish'd Rome's majestic lays.

THE POWER OF INSTINCT.

SCENE, THE TOWER.

FALSTAFF, a shrewd and waggish wight,
 To varnish o'er the Gadshill fight,
 The power of instinct well proclaims,
 Protesting stoutest hearts it tames.
 Let HAL with ridicule bespatter,
 He held that "Instinct's a great matter" *,
 For loyalty it can evince—
 "The lion touches not true Prince" † ;
 Hence, while OLD JACK it could affright,
 It serv'd to prove the "prince's right."
 But Instinct makes still more acute
 The judgment of the noble brute ;
 By that the lion can descry
 When virgin purity is nigh—
 The presence of so rare a sight
 He seems to hail with true delight.
 Yet though, without all cause for fear,
 Nymphs are afraid to venture near,

* Henry the Fourth, Part I. Act II. Scene 4.

† Idem.

And think the safer course is best,
To shun the glory of the test.

But Instinct boasts another claim,
As it can rouse as well as tame ;
For since Sedition rais'd its head,
Dire tumults o'er the land to spread,
Instinct has shewn its wond'rous pow'r
In all brute tenants of the Tow'r.
And now each visitor they know,
By instinct, whether friend or foe.
Whene'er they loyal people see,
They seem to shout and frisk with glee ;
When Jacobins approach the door,
The lion gives a hideous roar ;
As if to manifest, indeed,
His species of the royal breed,
And seems, with conscious pride, to stand
The warlike symbol of the land.
The royal tiger feels the flame,
And howls responsive with his dame,
While echoes ring from ev'ry den,
To keep aloof seditious men.
The royal eagle pants to fly
Whene'er he sees such miscreants nigh,
As if resolv'd his rage to wreak
With all " the terrors of his beak " *.
The congor, vulture, all the rest
Of feather'd tribes, the truth attest,
That loyal instinct sways each breast.

* GRAY'S " Ode to Music."

Nay, “ things inanimate have mov’d ” *,
 As through the fortress can be prov’d :
 In armories of horse and foot,
 The swords start forth, guns strive to shoot,
 And all from instinct seem to say,
 “ Sons of Sedition hence ; away.”

Where all the regal gems are seen,
 That deck’d our gracious king and queen,
 There Instinct, too, its pow’r displays,
 And adds new splendour to their rays.
 The di’monds shed such dazzling light,
 Sedition cannot bear the sight ;
 The rubies deeper colours shew,
 As burning with a loyal glow :
 The sceptres rise to knock all down
 Who dare insult the British Crown ;
 In short the whole regalia blaze,
 ’Gainst rebels, with indignant rays.

Ye brilliant offspring of the mine,
 Ye all may well in triumph shine,
 Protected by the piercing eye †,
 Of him who danger will defy,
 Whose loyal mind, and potent pen,
 Can scare away all guilty men,
 And who, possessing just renown,
 Through life will guard the British Crown.

* “ Mourning Bride.”

† EDMUND L. SWIFT, Esq. of the Regalia Office, a gentleman
 of well-known loyalty, learning, and genius.

ODE TO RIOT.

RIOT, of Anarchy the furious friend,
 With Malice at thy side,
 And disappointed Pride,
 With Envy, anxious merit to annoy,
 And intercept the promis'd joy,
 In savage state to Covent Garden bend.

The noble pile, by Genius rear'd, deface—
 With frantic shouts maintain thy sway,
 Trample on all who cross thy way,
 Nor for a moment pause to spare
 The timid unoffending Fair,
 But spread confusion o'er the place.

Sound all thy rattles, horns, and bells,
 And raise thy horrid yells ;
 Thy banners wave,
 With many a stave,
 That democratic fiends prepare,
 For vulgar minds a specious snare.

Now in the pit thy legion take their stand,
 Each with a bludgeon in his hand ;
 Here lurks a miscreant, with a wily tongue,
 Whisp'ring his creed to taint the heedless young,
 While Folly, list'ning to the baneful lore,
 Mingles Sedition with her hideous roar.

What troops from school ! what 'prentice boys appear !
 What ruffians in thy van and rear !

What sly freebooters, not a few,
 Combine to swell thy motley crew !
 Now to the centre some advance,
 And jostle in a frightful dance,
 Like savage Indians, with relentless ire,
 When conquer'd enemies in flames expire.

The scenic train with vile abuse assail,
 Nor merely be content to rail,
 With brutal rage thy missile vengeance aim,
 And e'en attack the teeming dame *,
 Whose only provocation is her name ;
 A name where talents and success unite,
 And hence, of course, the mark of envious spite.

And now, amid infernal cries,
 Unfurl'd placards disgust our eyes ;
 From vile obscenity th' inscriptions came,
 To wound the ear of modesty their aim ;
 And British dames, for purity renown'd,
 Indignant fly the horrid sound.

Such are thy triumphs, Riot—such thy deeds—
 In vain to check thy fury Justice pleads ;
 While Rancour, scowling with sarcastic grin,
 Abets the tumult, and enjoys the din ;
 Intent to frame the Jacobinic hint
 For the coarse columns of a factious print.

* Several things were thrown at Mrs. C. KEMBLE, though she was obviously in such a state as always excites respect and sympathy in humane and liberal minds.

Are these the Public, who, with brutal rage,
 Would drive insulted talents from the stage*!
 Who female honour shock with sounds profane,
 And all the decencies of life disdain!
 Who when enlighten'd characters decide,
 Whom knowledge, probity, experience guide,
 Abjure their verdict, and their worth deride:

Who chaunt the praise, with hypocritic tone,
 Of our good KING, yet would erase his throne!
 Are these the Public? Britons rouse, for shame!
 Let not a Mob usurp the Public name;
 Rouse, and this Rabble chase with scorn away,
 That Taste, Sense, Order, may resume their sway.

SONNET.

TO MRS. SIDDONS,

ON THE BUST OF HER BROTHER AS CORIOLANUS.

AN IMITATION.

SIDDONS, egad, thou'st done for Mrs. DAMER—

Why, where the dev'l this talent could'st thou pick
 up?

The chizzling tribe already cry, “we'll tame her—

A woman dare our sculpture fame to kick up!”

* The attempts to drive the KEMBLE family from the stage must have arisen from the basest feelings of envy and malevolence.

How wilt thou sting with envy poor old NOLLIKENS ;
 How wilt thou mortify the pride of HICKEY ;
 How mar all BACON's schemes, and BANKS's frolick-
 ings :

Gadzooks ! I really fear they'll come and lick ye.

Whom dost thou say it is—Oh ! CORIOLANUS—

Why, faith, the fellow shews a Roman bluster—
 Madam, the nob does credit to thy manus,

And with the critics cannot but pass muster.

Nay, let those dogs set up their barkings hideous,
 The Muse shall crown thee as a second PHIDIAS.

ON MR. STEPHEN KEMBLE'S PERFORMANCE OF
 FALSTAFF.

THE town too oft has FALSTAFF seen
 As coarse in utt'rance, manners, mien,
 As if from earliest days he knew
 None higher than his ruffian crew :—
 But with a shrewd reflecting mind,
 And humour's native force combin'd,
 KEMBLE, to SHAKSPEARE's meaning right,
 Exhibits a degen'rate knight,
 Who seems to make no empty vaunt,
 That “erst he jok'd with JOHN OF GAUNT”*,
 And well might princely HAL entice,
 By wit and mirth, with all his vice.

* Second Part of HENRY IV. Act 3. Scene 2.

ON THE APPEARANCE OF MISS KELLY IN LADY
TEAZLE.

Most Lady Teazles of the stage
Have misconceiv'd the comic page,
And made her too refin'd ;
KELLY, with arch and native grace,
The genuine character can trace,
Just as the bard design'd.

Enough of fashion should appear
To shew, though in a higher sphere,
Yet still her former state
Breaks through the veil of polish'd life,
In hoyden airs of rustic strife,
To teaze her peevish mate.

KELLY this point exactly hits,
And mingling with the sneering wits,
Sharpens the circling jest;
Her part with easy humour bears,
In all their mirth and scandal shares,
More pleasant than the rest.

But when we see the prostrate skreen
Expose her shame-dejected mien,
And penitential woe,
There she exerts her plaintive art,
To sympathy subdues the heart,
And Pity's tributes flow.

Ah! KELLY, born with equal pow'r,
 With mirth to charm the passing hour
 Or pathos to display,
 Long, long may'st thou adorn the stage,
 With well-known private worth engage,
 And Fortune homage pay.

ON THE
 ANONYMOUS RIBALDRY AGAINST MRS. COUTTS.

WHY is fair COUTTS of vulgar spleen the mark,
 And venom'd arrows issu'd from the dark?
 Because she's rich, and they who less enjoy,
 With wanton envy would her peace destroy;
 Because, to silence disappointed gall,
 Her stores, though large, will not extend to all.
 Despise such vile assaults, benignant dame,
 The Needy bless, the Good revere, thy name.

ON THE PLAY OF PIZARRO,
 AS ADAPTED TO THE ENGLISH STAGE,
 BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

KOTZEBUE display'd an ample wild,
 That Nature's lavish bounty knew,
 Where all in bright luxuriance smil'd,
 But all in bold confusion grew.

With skill and taste, not servile toil,
 An abler genius clear'd the ground,
 Whose fancy straight enrich'd the soil,
 And bade new beauties breathe around.
 Hence nobler charms salute the sense,
 As through the various sweets we rove,
 With all that Nature could dispense,
 And all judicious Art improve.

OCCASIONED BY THE MEDICAL ATTENDANCE ON THE
 LATE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

WHILE SHERIDAN shall live in fame,
 And Pity sigh to hear his name,
 Reflecting on the varied woe
 Too oft the fate of those below
 Who shine with such transcendant light
 That dazzled Prudence shuns the sight,
 So long shall He whose manly soul
 Dar'd the hard fangs of law controul,
 When its rude agents would presume
 On Genius sinking to the tomb;
 So long shall He, who proud to blend
 The sage physician and the friend,
 Delay'd by skill the stroke of death,
 And anxious watch'd the parting breath,
 So long be class'd among the band
 Whose worth and knowledge grace the land,
 And make us deem we see again
 The good SAMARITAN in BAIN*.

* Dr. BAIN, a Member of the College of Physicians.

ON THE RECOVERY OF JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ.

FROM HIS ALARMING ILLNESS.

HYGEIA hail! thy potent aid
 Has well for JEKYLL been display'd,
 And hence our thanks should draw;
 In all his wonted vigour still,
 Restor'd, by thy resistless skill,
 To friendship, wit, and law.
 Thy symbols with his life agree,
 The serpent and the cup—for he
 The first by wisdom shews;
 And may thy cup of health be near,
 To cheer him many a distant year,
 Ere he in death repose.

 ON THE KNIGHTHOOD OF
 THOMAS LAWRENCE, ESQ. R.A.

THE knighthood worthily of yore
 RUBENS, VANDYKE, and LELY bore;
 Strangers, yet, in their bright career,
 Proud that their genius flourish'd here,
 Then REYNOLDS, of our isle the boast,
 Amid them took his lofty post;
 Great Founder of the British School,
 Where Science, Taste, and Nature rule.

Now LAWRENCE owns a kindred flame,
 And all admit his lineal claim,
 As true inheritor of fame.
 But men like these were born to live
 With rank no earthly pow'r can give,
 And titles gain from them a grace
 High o'er the pride of pomp and place.

ON THE RETURN OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE,

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

When LAWRENCE left the British shore,
 Though friends his absence might deplore,
 They felt a nobler aim ;
 Assur'd that one with pow'rs so rare,
 His country's merit would declare,
 And more adorn her name.

And hence, we find, he mark'd his course,
 With manners bland and mental force,
 Taste, knowledge, judgment, ease ;
 Besides a genius that has pow'r
 To Art's sublimest heights to tow'r,
 To strike, instruct, and please.

But while with justice all admire,
 Did he no foreign modes acquire
 Throughout this distant range ?
 No—he rejoin'd his native shore
 As truly British as before,
 Nor could uninjur'd change.

L I N E S

O N

MR. ACKERMANN'S EVENINGS' CONVERSAZIONE.

WITS, critics, poets, artists, here convene,
 And all accord to animate the scene ;
 Sculpture and Painting well adorn the place,
 And classic stores the spacious tables grace.
 Study and converse with alternate pow'r,
 Engage, amuse, instruct, the passing hour.
 Hence for improvement Genius here should haste,
 And hail the mansion as the fane of taste.
 Learn Grandeur, learn, from one in humbler sphere,
 Who spreads so rich a mental banquet here,
 Learn Arts to foster on this social plan,
 And emulate the zeal of ACKERMANN.

O N THE CONVERSAZIONE AT LANGHAM-PLACE.

“ MEND Fortune's fault, and justify her grace ”:
 Thus says the moral bard's impressive strain,
 And WEBB * that noble course resolves to trace,
 Whose classic dome is Taste's instructive fane.
 There, as Antiquity displays her stores,
 Stores that e'en envious Time is proud to spare,
 See living Genius emulative soars,
 And Honour's lasting wreaths will justly share :

* FREDERICK WEBB, Esq.

For there assemble a congenial host,
 Whose various merits honour well may claim,
 And Britain there a Portico can boast
 That hence may rival, Greece, thy ancient fame.

ON THE EVENING PARTIES

AT HENRY SASS'S, ESQ., BLOOMSBURY.

WHEN well-known merit claims the lay,
 To SASS the Muse should tribute pay,
 For those his friendly zeal invites
 Render his meetings Attic nights.
 Selected with a moral care,
 No worthless guests are summon'd there,
 But men of sense and lib'ral hearts,
 Props of the fine and useful arts ;
 Of letter'd taste and graphic pow'r,
 To grace and charm the passing hour.
 Such as compose a classic throng,
 The mental banquet to prolong,
 In intercourse of kindred mind,
 Cheerful, instructive, and refin'd.
 The dome with various treasures stor'd,
 Rare books and prints enrich the board.
 And Sculpture's toils due honour claim,
 Displaying such as rose to fame,
 In ancient and in modern days,
 For honest Hist'ry's blame or praise.
 The host's own works, by Genius plann'd,
 Around proclaim a master hand,

Works where we taste and judgment find
 Proofs of a fruitful, cultur'd mind,
 And in his courteous manners see
 A nature gen'rous, just, and free,
 Well qualified, by proofs so ample,
 To teach by precept and example.

ON THE
 EVENING PARTIES IN SAVILLE STREET.

AT PETTIGREW'S no need of dice and cards,
 Or any arts that human kind debase,
 There men of science, artists, wits, and bards
 In social union dignify the place.
 There most for learning and for parts renown'd,
 From study cheerful relaxation find,
 Works of rare value o'er the rooms abound,
 That gratify and elevate the mind.
 There royal SUSSEX, freedom's zealous friend,
 Exempt from lofty grandeur takes a seat ;
 From pomp of greatness willing to descend,
 And fond to share the varied mental treat.
 Meanwhile the lib'ral host, with friendly care,
 Extends his active courtesy to all,
 Glad to behold such guests assemble there
 As constitute his dome a Classic Hall.

A LUDICROUS FACT.

THE barrows left by times of old,
 A fact that hardly need be told,
 A heap of bones contain ;
 Among them oft are found some skulls
 Perchance of sages erst or gulls,
 Now levell'd all remain.

A surgeon, diligent, acute,
 Of knowledge always in pursuit,
 To benefit mankind,
 Had heard that, of our sires of yore
 Ere Saxon tyrants sought our shore,
 He many a skull might find.

Long has there stood an honour'd place
 In simple dignity and grace,
 To guard our naval might ;
 Britannia's glories to maintain
 Unsullied on her subject main,
 And ADMIRALTY hight.

Hither our surgeon bent his way,
 For he had heard some people say,
 He barrows there might trace ;
 The SECRETARY* quickly came
 To learn and to promote his aim,
 To whom he told the case.

* JOHN BARROW, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty.

A laugh then clos'd the casual joke
As thus the Secretary spoke,

“ My Friend, you must allow,
You find a BARROW with a skull,
And though the latter is but dull,
I cannot spare it now.”

TO

THE INVENTOR OF A DYE FOR THE HAIR.

HAIL wondrous Artist, whose propitious pow'r
Secures e'en BEAUTY's transitory hour,
And bids the hoary tresses of decay,
With auburn tinct, in rich luxuriance play.
Aided by thee the matron scorns to bear
The odious burthen of transplanted hair,
Her own, though with'ring, with the touch of Time,
Thy magic spell restores in vernal prime ;
E'en Youth herself with added grace can shine,
While brighter locks around her temples twine,
The glossy triumphs of thy matchless art
That through the raptur'd eye ensnare the heart,
Sure then what Nature's pow'rs can thus improve,
From VENUS came, and is the charm of Love.

THE KING AND SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, BART.

SCENE—SCOTLAND.

WHEN the KING and Sir WILLIAM each other first
saw,

Bedeck'd with the philibeg, broad-sword, an a',
Reciprocal laughter attended the sight,
And his MAJESTY seem'd to enjoy great delight.
The Baronet, happy his monarch to see,
Meant, with loyal emotion, to fall on one knee,
But the warmth of his feelings, and weight of the dress,
Made both of his knees on the ground quickly press;—
As Sir WILLIAM was then quite unable to stand,
His MAJESTY graciously stretch'd forth his hand,
Exclaiming “Old Boy, while I thus draw you nigher,
In my love and esteem you can never rise higher.”

IMPROMPTU.

No wonder fair BARRETT * the homage should gain
Of JOHNSON and GARRICK, and all the fam'd train
Whose genius embellish'd the days that are past,
Her uncle †, my honour'd old friend, not the last:
Her person attractive, her manners polite,
With sense that could well their attention requite.

* Formerly possessor of Vauxhall Gardens.

† The late THOMAS TYERS, Esq., a gentleman justly esteemed
for private worth and literary talents.

If Time would his taste and his kindness display,
 He would long from fair BARRETT his scythe keep
 away ;

And, to please many friends, let her years still advance,
 Till she equals the age of the Beauty of France,
 Then they'll gratefully own that with reason he halts
 For a second DE L'ENCLOS, in all but her faults.

BIBLIOMANIA.

IF folly did not mark mankind,
 We well might be surpris'd to find
 So many idly waste their gold
 On books most valu'd as most old,
 Though all within this learned show,
 Perchance the dullest readers know.
 Others, as prodigal of pelf,
 With dull black-letter load the shelf,
 Preserving thus, with empty pride,
 What Time had wisely thrown aside,
 Full proof these coxcombs, pert and vain,
 Were blockheads born, and so remain.
 Blockheads, to those an easy prey,
 Who thrive in quite a novel way ;
 A set of cunning elves, who prate
 On title-page, edition, date,
 Who bring forth heaps of ancient trash,
 And change the mass to modern cash ;
 While by this venal base parade
 The booksellers are robb'd of trade.

Yet there are spirits form'd to soar,
 Who feel the worth of ancient lore ;
 Spirits by Nature taught to rise
 On wings of genius to the skies,
 Or fondly traverse classic ground,
 And all the depths of learning sound—
 Such are the men by Fate design'd,
 Sagacious, sound, acute, refin'd,
 To teach old Time what works to spare,
 Or rather guard with awful care,
 Works that to erring man can tell
 Where Virtue and where Wisdom dwell.
 Such STANHOPE*, GIFFORD, some few more,
 Who think like Bard and Sage of yore,
 And add new treasures to the store.

ÆSOPUS REDIVIVUS.

ÆSOP, deform'd in body, fair in mind,
 Knew well that Vice and Folly sway mankind,
 And, in shrewd apologues, the sportive sage
 Has wisdom dealt to ev'ry future age.
 He tells us that two curs beheld a bone,
 And each presum'd the tempting treat his own.
 But while they struggled, eager for the prey,
 Another came and bore it straight away.
 Thus, if small things we may compare with great—
 (Alike indiff'rent in the eye of Fate)—

* Earl STANHOPE.

Thus when, for MANNERS, ABBOTT had made room,
 And SHEPHERD'S* wreath had gain'd an added plume,
 A vacant office soon produc'd a jar
 Between two rival brethren of the bar.
 GIFFORD'S good genius saw the conflict rise,
 And whisp'ring, pointed to the doubtful prize,
 GIFFORD was ready with the spoil to trudge,
 And lo ! at once became an embryo Judge†.

MODERN POEMS.

THE Scotch reviewers, Critics shrewd and sage,
 Exalt the Poets of the present age,
 Say POPE and DRYDEN shall no longer reign,
 But useless lumber on the shelf remain ;
 That they but painted manners, female art,
 While living Bards dig deep into the heart.
 Let not the praise of modern works end here—
 Their value will increase through ev'ry year,
 And when for them each Antiquary calls,
 DRYDEN and POPE lie common on our stalls.

ON THE COLLECTION OF BRITISH POEMS,

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, ESQ.

WHILE learning, genius, virtue, notice claim,
 JOHNSON will shine amid the realms of fame,

* Sir SAMUEL SHEPHERD.

† Viz. SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

In mind capacious, and in judgment clear,
 Instructive always, though at times severe,
 For oft he left the Poets for the Men,
 And politics controll'd his potent pen,
 Urg'd by the secret bias of his youth,
 For still he sought, and strove to issue, truth.
 While yet he liv'd the willing world must own
 His right to rule the biographic throne.—

CHALMERS, to virtue an impartial friend,
 With just pretensions may that throne ascend:
 Not less acute than JOHNSON, more refin'd,
 No early habit warps his steady mind,
 Each Bard's true worth in equal scales he weighs,
 And deals the well-earn'd meed of rightful praise:
 Nor, while to measure justice, he designs,
 Toil's humbler task of fixing dates declines.
 Genius he traces, from the dawning light,
 To the full blaze of its meridian height.
 Not critic cares alone his mind engage,
 A nobler impulse animates his page,
 The Moralist due dignity maintains,
 Enforcing virtue, while he vice arraigns.

CHALMERS, thy truth, taste, knowledge, all must please,
 While Justice ratifies thy sound decrees,
 And joins with Fame to make thy merits known,
 As heir to JOHNSON's biographic throne.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE PRINT REPRESENTING THE HOUSE IN WHICH
LORD BYRON DIED AT MISSOLONGHI.

HERE BYRON paid the debt that all must pay,
Untimely paid, in life's meridian day !
He died while ardent with the glorious aim
To rescue Greece, and renovate her fame.
The mournful Muse should plant her Cypress here,
And Genius pay the tributary tear.

It boots not where the mortal dust shall lie
Of common men, beneath the common sky,
But BYRON's relics claim peculiar care,
And where he died should be sepulchred there ;
His spirit still may hover o'er the land
To fire the Patriot's heart and nerve his hand ;
For freedom here he breath'd a parting strain,
And Freedom here should raise a votive Fane.

A MODERN CRITIC.

“ Qui capit, ille facit.”

A CRITIC of old was a man of good name,
Who zealously handed up Genius to Fame ;
Who virtue and truth would disdain to betray,
And barter the verdict of judgment for pay.
But now among scribblers a wretch we may find,
As filthy in person as foul in his mind,

Whose pen is a bludgeon, and who ruffian-like,
 Unless he's well paid, will ferociously strike;
 On artists and actors he fixes his paws,
 And, if they're afraid, from their pockets he draws;
 To get from his grasp they must struggle in vain
 They ne'er can be free while a doit he can drain.
 'Tis known that the fellow has oft been rebuff'd—
 'Tis known that indeed he was kick'd and was cuff'd—
 He sculk'd for some years in contempt and disgrace,
 And hid in a gaol, or a garret, his face;
 But now as new actors and artists appear,
 He darts from his den, and resumes his career.
 His style is so pie-bald, affected, and coarse,
 'Tis hard from the jargon a meaning to force,
 Save this ruling point, which he always pursues
 "If you pay me I'll praise, but if not I'll abuse."
 To stop this vile wretch in his scurrilous strain,
 And straight to obscurity drive him again,
 The remedy's easy—a horsewhip or cane.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

WRITTEN BY JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R.A.

TOUCH'D by himself, with energy and grace,
 On glowing canvas REYNOLDS' form we find,
 And, to complete the portrait, now we trace,
 In NORTHCOTE'S page, his character and mind.

S O N G

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF
THE LATE SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tune—"To Anacreon in Heaven."

To CHARLES, the gay monarch who once rul'd this isle,
The tribute of gratitude Science should pay,
He deign'd on our fam'd Institution to smile—
Let the mem'ry of CHARLES be our toast then
to-day:

Let each man fill his glass
'Tis a toast that should pass

To the mem'ry of CHARLES, not averse to a lass;
But though careless his mood he could Science revere,
And he sanctioned the cause that assembled us here.

Sage COWLEY, a bard of rare genius and worth
Our origin hail'd in his classical lays;
His friend, mitred SPRAT, too recorded our birth,
And gave us the meed of historical praise.

Besides many more

Known for talents and lore

Are enroll'd on our list who were honour'd of yore.

And Science new vot'ries shall gain ev'ry year
'Till weary old Time shall conclude his career.

Great NEWTON, of Britain and Nature the pride,
Whose wisdom the laws of the universe found,
Once graciously deign'd in our chair to preside,
And well may we boast of a sage so renown'd.

He saw Nature's plan
 From the time she began
 And seem'd by his knowledge superior to man;
 As king of philosophers NEWTON we own,
 And all other monarchs might envy his throne.

But now let us turn to the king of the time,
 Our JOSEPH whose courtesy malice disarms,
 In his ardour for Truth not content with one clime
 He roam'd round the world in pursuit of her charms.
 His revenue he spends
 For the noblest of ends,
 And always is happy in serving his friends;
 He rules by the laws, and so mild is his sway
 That like brethren we join, and like subjects obey.

Then here's JOSEPH THE FIRST, who now graces our
 chair

Whose knowledge and virtues harmoniously blend,
 Long, long, may he flourish in happiness there,
 Of learning, his country, and man, the warm friend.
 And may all who succeed
 Be in word and in deed
 Just as good as himself, for no better we need.

Then here's JOSEPH THE FIRST, who now graces our
 chair,
 Long, long, may he flourish in happiness there.

THIS song was written by desire of Dr. KITCHENER, and intended to be sung by him at a meeting of a select number of Fellows of the Royal Society on the birth-day of the late Sir JOSEPH BANKS, to be celebrated in their apartments in Somerset House.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS OF HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
PRINCE LEOPOLD OF SAXE-COBOURG WITH HER ROYAL
HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

COMPOSED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HAWES.

AIR.

EXULTING raise the votive lay,
A loyal people homage pay,
A people who, with proud delight,
Behold, and bless the nuptial rite.

CHORUS.

Hail! then, all hail! illustrious Pair,
A nation's hope, a nation's care.

AIR.

Ordain'd to prop the BRUNSWICK line,
And high in British annals shine,
Long, long, those annals may they grace
And Heav'n for ever guard the race!

CHORUS.

Hail! then, all hail! illustrious Pair,
A nation's hope, a nation's care.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON A RECENT MARRIAGE.

ROTHSCHILD'S Daughter, good and fair,
 Now engag'd in nuptial ties,
 May'st thou still be Fortune's care,
 And each day new blessings rise.
 May thy parents live to see
 Happiness thy days attend,
 And, to give new joys to thee,
 Distant be their mortal end.

ON MONUMENTAL GRANDEUR.

WHAT toil, what cost, to raise a shell
 To deck the place where reptiles dwell !
 The wise desire no pompous tomb,
 When Fate awards the final doom,
 Nor false inscription to declare
 The genius, virtue, buried there ;
 But a mere stone to lead the eye
 Where all their mortal relics lie ;
 Then, ev'ry human frailty past,
 If a good name they left at last,
 Friendship may thither fondly stray,
 And sigh, in passing o'er the clay ;
 So shall a simple stone impart
 A kind memorial to the heart.

FRAGMENT.

OH ! if thy spotless soul sometimes descend,
 To me thine aid, as guardian genius, lend !
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In gentle whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart,
 Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
 'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

ON THE SPOLIATION OF SAXONY.

LAMENT not Saxony, that spoilers came,
 Professing justice was their only aim,
 Yet of thy kingdom meanly stole a part—
 Lands they may rule; how diff'rent, Sire, thy sway !
 Their subject-slaves reluctantly obey,
 While thou art sov'reign o'er thy nation's heart.

ON HEARING THAT YOUTH WAS ALLEGED AGAINST EARL
 PERCY* AS A CANDIDATE FOR A SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

THE hope of PERCY's noble line,
 In Britain's annals pants to shine,
 And prop her ancient truth ;
 But, blind to Honour's rising flame,
 Some fain would check th' ingenuous aim,
 Though all his crime is youth.

* Now Duke of Northumberland.

Thus PITT was censur'd, who began
His brilliant course a ripen'd man,

While yet in early days ;

Thus Envy strove to damp the fire
That glow'd within his lofty Sire,

And blight his spreading bays.

PERCY, in their bright track proceed,
So may'st thou gain each civic meed

In Glory's best career ;

That all may wish relentless Time
Could still preserve thy manhood's prime,
Till his own final year.

THE MAGISTRATES.

A FACT.

THREE Magistrates, no common men,
But who adroitly plied the pen,
Were sitting all in order due,
When, lo ! a culprit came in view.

Co'HOUN * to brother PYE † applied,
To hear the matter and decide,
Else for a work the press must wait,
On " Duties of a Magistrate."

PYE vow'd he could not spare the time,
For the " king's suit ",—except in rhyme,
As he no longer must delay
His " Ode upon the King's Birth-day",

* — Colquhoun, Esq. pronounced as in the text.

† The late HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. Poet Laureat.

A work, indeed, he ought to close
 For Justice PARSONS * to compose,
 So begg'd that MOSER †, in his place,
 Would now despatch the present case.
 MOSER declar'd he could not act
 Just then upon an office fact,
 As he, that vice might less prevail,
 Was finishing a "Moral Tale."

Now all of these were just and true,
 And well their sev'ral duties knew,
 But, of mankind a certain test,
 Each chose the duty he lik'd best.

IMPROMPTU.

As MAJOR, well known for his musical pow'r,
 Was saunt'ring along, at a somewhat late hour,
 A ruffian, whose bus'ness is plunder to catch,
 Knock'd him down, and despoil'd him of purse and of
 watch.

Sure APOLLO and HERMES have had a dispute,
 Else the minstrel had 'scap'd from the pillaging brute,
 And the Patron of thieves would have made the rogue
 follow
 Some miser, and not rob the son of APOLLO.

* The late — PARSONS, Esq. magistrate and musician.

† — MOSER, Esq. magistrate and contributor to magazines,
 &c. &c.

But, MAJOR, at loss of thy *cash* do not grieve,
 Since none can thy mind of true genius bereave,
 And all are quite happy thy *notes* to receive.
 Neither mourn for thy watch, for 'tis truth, though
 in rhyme,
 That in *music* or *morals* thou'lt always *keep time*.

TO THE LATE WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ.*

DEAR Sir, the pheasant came to day,
 Though dead, yet still in plumage gay ;
 And, therefore, upon honour,
 When I shall taste thy gift so kind,
 A bumper, from a friendly mind,
 Shall sparkle for the donor.

And, when by Fate's resistless blow,
 Thou, like the pheasant, shalt lie low,
 By all lamented here,—
 Then, may thy spirit wing its way,
 In pure celestial plumage gay,
 To Heav'n's eternal year.

TO THE EARL OF COVENTRY,

IN ANSWER TO AN INVITATION.

MY Lord, on Sunday, if I'm able,
 I'll join your hospitable table ;

* This Gentleman was long an ornament of the London Stage, and the first CHARLES SURFACE in "The School for Scandal."

Indiff'rent to all other fare,
 I'm sure to find good humour there ;
 Sons who in sense and wit abound,
 Such as elsewhere are seldom found,
 Daughters, in manner and in mind,
 Accomplish'd, elegant, refin'd ;
 A noble dame, who, all must say,
 Is courteous, sensible, and gay ;
 A father fond of classic lore,
 But fond of worth and genius more,
 A scholar and a poet too,
 A subject loyal, patriot true ;
 With guests in whom they all rejoice,
 The polish'd GRESLEY*, sprightly BOYCE†,
 And others whom the Muse could name,
 Of high desert‡, well known to fame ;
 And last a chaplain, mild and grave,
 An humble friend, but not a slave.

Society like this to share
 Who would not eagerly repair ?
 A trite old adage many fear,
 But all would fain fulfil it here,
 Uniting in the wish with me
 Oft to be " sent to COVENTRY."

* SIR ROGER GRESLEY, Bart., married to Lady SOPHIA COVENTRY, Daughter of the Earl of COVENTRY.

† This Gentleman is married to a Sister of the present Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

‡ Dr. PURNEY, since dead.

TO THE LATE LADY ANNE BARNARD.

YOUR note came safe, dear Lady ANNE,
 And, therefore, on the good old plan,
 My dame and I of course will bend
 Your friendly summons to attend,
 On Wednesday at the hour of eight,
 To share an intellectual *fête*.
 But had you rather chosen nine,
 'Twere emblem of those nymphs divine
 Who hover'd o'er your natal day,
 Ordain'd to prompt AULD ROBIN GRAY.—
 Well recollected—Madam, you,
 And to your promise pray keep true—
 Your promise was, I dare avow,
 (I have your letter by me now)
 In your own writing to bestow
 That tender tale of rustic woe,
 Sweet produce of the dulcet lyre
 Which all with sympathy admire,
 And which, when all things else are past,
 With Poesy itself shall last.
 You quoted OGLEBY *, and said,
 'Twas “honour's debt, and must be paid”,
 Hence then I put you to the proof,
 And will not let you stand aloof;
 But if you with my hopes should sport,
 I'll cite you to APOLLO's court,

* Vide “The Clandestine Marriage.”

The tuneful god will then decree
 A copy shall be sent to me,
 To dignify my treasur'd store,
 And little should I value more.—
 I said my dame and I would be
 On Wednesday next with you at tea,
 But whether with her daughter fair,
 Is more than I can now declare ;
 For she is soon to yield her hand
 To fix in Hymen's mystic band *,
 And LOVE is such a potent pow'r,
 He'll tyrannize o'er ev'ry hour.—
 Now then dear Lady ANNE adieu,
 Equall'd in worth by very few.

IMPROMPTU.

TO JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ.†

WHEN Fate shall summon me below,
 I'll let the gay ANACREON know,
 About our batch at tea ;
 Because I'm sure the bard with pride,
 Would gladly throw his wine aside
 For any drink with thee.

* Since married to Major BETHUNE, late of the seventy-eighth regiment.

† In answer to an invitation to tea from this gentleman, who desired that I would not "tell ANACREON of such innocent tippling."

ON THE
REPORT THAT THE LATE CHARLES MOORE, ESQ.
HAD RENOUNCED POETRY FOR LAW.

'TIS said an OVID was in MURRAY lost,
MURRAY * a truant to the fav'ring Muse,
See Law again her flatt'ring aim has crost,
And MOORE, like him, the blooming wreath refuse.
Yet may he trace that MURRAY'S bright career,
And still, as honours on his course attend,
Adorn'd by Genius, Science shall appear,
If not the vot'ry of the Muse, her friend.
Thus Hope, in former days, the future drew,
And Friendship trusted to her partial eye,
But sickness spreads a gloom o'er all the view,
And Hope herself beholds it with a sigh !

L I N E S

ON THE BUST OF THE LATE JOHN STEWART, THE TRA-
VELLER, COMMONLY STYLED " WALKING STEWART",
MODELLLED BY JOSEPHUS KENDRICK, SCULPTOR.

FRIENDS of Philosophy, behold the bust
Of one whose aims, benevolent and just,
Were bent to soften all the ills of life,
And rescue Man from ignorance and strife.
He travell'd far, where Reason taught the road,
His purpose was to fix a moral code ;

* The great Lord MANSFIELD.

Not to remark the language, manners, dress,
But what might all instruct, improve, and bless.

He held that living things, of every kind,
Should find in man a sympathizing mind,
Their pleasure to promote, or ease their pain,
And hence himself derive a future gain ;
For if 'tis part of Nature's earthly plan,
Through other tribes to pass the clay of man,
By treating kindly all within his sphere,
He may alleviate sentient substance here,
And thus partake, through his transmuting fate,
The good imparted in his human state.

Such was the system STEWART's liberal mind
For universal happiness design'd,
A system provident for all below,
Whate'er may be our future weal or woe ;
A system fram'd by philanthropic love,
And which Philosophy may well approve.

As language seem'd too scant his thoughts to shew,
New terms he fashion'd in his mental glow ;
Hence those too weak his plan to comprehend,
Deem'd him insane, and ridicul'd its end.

His life was still accordant with his aim,
In wealth and poverty he proved the same,
Neither his mind could elevate or tame.—
Serene in temper, and in conduct clear,
Consistent, firm, benignant, and sincere.

The bust displays his calm expressive face,
With vivid spirit, truth, and manly grace.
Ah ! KENDRICK, could'st thou mould as well his mind,
As here his faithful semblance is defin'd,
Sculpture might mend, as well as charm, mankind.

THE CREED OF
JOHN STEWART, THE TRAVELLER,
VERSIFIED.

THE constitution of great Nature's code
Is matter changing from a single mode,
From which its varying atoms shifting pass,
Through all its forms into the common mass;
That common mass receives them all in turn,
Whether in diff'rent climes they freeze or burn.
One pow'r, one essence, forms the mighty whole,
Here the dull stone, and here the fervid soul,
An int'rest multiplied, remote or near,
To spread or good or ill to ev'ry sphere.
The truly happy only are the wise,
Safe from regret, from anger and surprise,
They, by experience taught, man's proper aim,
Find virtue, wisdom, int'rest, all the same.

G L E E.

ON THE VOLUNTEERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

COMPOSED BY MR. WEBB, FOR SIX VOICES.

WHEN fam'd TIMOTHEUS, with his wond'rous lyre,
The Grecian victor's various passions tried,
To pity sooth'd his soul, or rous'd in ire,
And conquer'd him who conquer'd all beside;
Sad was the triumph of the potent lay,
For Desolation whelm'd her blazing prey.

Now higher deeds result from sacred song,
 A nobler impulse Britain's heroes feel;
 Lo! patriot strains inspire the martial throng,
 To prop their country's cause with gen'rous zeal:
 Not to destroy—but bid fell discord cease,
 And breathe around the harmony of peace.

ON SEEING IN A PUBLIC PRINT THE "ODE TO THE
 POPPY", WRITTEN BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE SMITH,
 ASCRIBED TO ANOTHER PERSON.

AND shall the hapless Muse, whose plaintive song
 Can touch the heart with Pity's softest pow'r,
 Lose the fair honours that so well belong
 To her sweet strains on Sorrow's fav'rite flow'r!
 No! Time shall ne'er annul her rightful claim,
 Nor rob that flow'r of its poetic bloom;
 Secur'd from spoilers by protecting Fame,
 It decks in native beauty CHARLOTTE'S tomb.

ON HEARING THAT JOHN SYMMONS, ESQ.* OCCUPIED
 THE HOUSE AT BLACKHEATH WHICH BELONGED TO
 THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

'TIS said that spirits when from earth remov'd,
 Still hold communion with this nether sphere;
 And hov'ring o'er the place they once have lov'd,
 In form of kindred natures oft appear.—

* Now of Paddington House, Paddington.

Hence knowledge, humour, taste, and well-bred ease,
 Still haunt the shades of STANHOPE's fair domain ;
 And, gifted with each social pow'r to please,
 Behold, in SYMMONS, CHESTERFIELD again.

ON THE

POEMS WRITTEN BY THE LATE THOMAS HULL, ESQ.

WHEN HULL, the benevolent, moral, and sage,
 Consign'd his poetical treasures to Fame,
 Both Genius and Virtue rejoic'd o'er the page,
 But each as his patroness boasted her claim.

Says Genius, " 'Twas I who, from life's early hour,
 Impell'd him o'er regions of fancy to stray ;
 I taught him to cull ev'ry beautiful flow'r,
 And cherish the laurels he gain'd on the way."

" But I," answer'd Virtue, " from Vice's fell snare,
 And Passion's allurements, protected his youth ;
 I still hover'd nigh, with affectionate care,
 Conducting him safe to the temple of Truth."

At length, all exclusive pretensions resign'd,
 'Twas own'd in his merits that each bore a part,
 While Genius was proud she embellish'd his mind,
 And Virtue content that she rul'd o'er his heart.

ON THE MAGNIFICENT EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE
PUBLISHED BY THE BOYDELLS.

THOUGH many a bard and critic sage entwine
Their votive wreaths round SHAKSPEARE'S honour'd
shrine,
How poor such homage to a poet's name,
Whose peerless works secure eternal fame !
Lo ! of those peerless works a splendid pile,
An off'ring worthy of his native isle,
Design'd by lib'ral zeal and classic taste,
In simple grandeur, elegantly chaste ;
Where, nobly fir'd with emulative rage,
Painting illumines her tuneful sister's page,
And gives a vivid omen of the day
When British arts full lustre shall display,
Nor longer humbly yield to ages past,
But spread a richer radiance that shall last.
The patriot impulse from the BOYDELLS came,
Whose fost'ring aid sustain'd the rising flame ;
And hence with SHAKSPEARE shall they proudly
stand,
Protected by the Genius of the land.

LINES

TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

ON HIS EDITION OF THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON.

GIFFORD ! thy zeal deserves a nation's praise,
Reviving thus old BEN's neglected bays ;

A bard, whose works adorn the nation's page,
 Learn'd, moral, witty, humourous, and sage ;
 A bard Malignity through life assail'd,
 And on his name had vile abuse entail'd :
 While still in manly dignity he shone,
 And all th' imputed rancour was its own.

But, struck by thee, Malignity lies dead,
 And BEN, now rescu'd, rears his honest head,
 Restor'd in all the vigour of his prime,
 No more obscure amid the shades of Time ;
 Hence shall the votive wreath unfading bloom,
 Thy hand has planted on his honour'd tomb.

TO THE SAME.

GIFFORD, to thee a nation's thanks are due,
 For justice render'd to our rare old BEN*,
 His merit placing in the fairest view,
 Among our nobler bards and classic men.

SHIRLEY, another wit of former days,
 We hear with pleasure now employs thy care,
 His proper standard of renown to raise,
 That hence unfading laurels he may wear.

But why thy fav'rite SHAKSPEARE cast aside,
 Who all thy shrewd research might well engage ?
 SHAKSPEARE, his country's wonder and her pride,
 Theme of delight for every future age !

* See the excellent Life of BEN JONSON prefixed to the volumes of his Works.

Though Nature spreads such beauties all around,
 Such various wonders of her sea and land,
 Nought equal to her SHAKSPEARE can be found,
 The noblest work of her creative hand.

When all our earlier pleasures charm no more,
 Well might we wish to stretch life's narrow span,
 His pregnant page to ponder o'er and o'er,
 And learn from him to know the whole of man.

None for the task more fit than thou, my friend,
 Combining all the subject can require ;
 In whom experience, taste, and knowledge blend,—
 The Critic's judgment, and the Poet's fire.

Then from the mists of time those beauties clear
 That far o'er Greece and Rome triumphant rise,
 Hence in unclouded glory shall appear
 The brightest orb that fires poetic skies.

ON THE POEM

ENTITLED

“ THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.”

IF fair SERENA could no more sustain,
 Her boasted triumphs were but weak and vain :—
 A midnight revel by her sire denied,—
 Her fame by dark malevolence decried,—
 And last, still less her patience to require,
 Insulted by a coxcomb's jealous ire !
 Thy heroine, Bard, such ills might well endure,
 In duty, innocence, and love secure.

Besides, the talisman, with guardian pow'r,
 Alarms the maid in ev'ry yielding hour,
 Yet in her breast such angry passions swell,
 As almost break the fairy's potent spell.
 Go, form for DELIA trials most severe,
 Good-temper's genuine charm will then appear,
 And all the virtues that to her belong
 May animate the Muse's noblest song.

ON THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.

DEMOSTHENES, with freedom's patriot glow,
 Hurl'd his dread thunders on a foreign foe ;
 TULLY, with purer grace, and equal zeal,
 His piercing eloquence made traitors feel ;
 PITT their best pow'rs and noblest deeds combines,
 And high o'er both in native honour shines ;
 He bounded anarchy's tremendous course,
 And sav'd mankind from its o'erwhelming force.

ON A PORTRAIT

OF

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LONG*.

As o'er th' untimely grave of PITT we bend,
 'Tis some relief to see his fav'rite friend ;
 In the high sanction of his choice we find
 The certain stamp of a congenial mind.

* Now Lord FARNBOROUGH.

The virtuous minister, the patriot sage,
 The surest guide for ev'ry future age !
 While he, ordain'd tremendous war to wage
 With Gallic tyranny's o'erwhelming rage,
 Devoted life to prop the glorious plan,
 Which best maintains the social rights of man,
 'Twas thy just praise to aid the great design,
 And rear those arts which polish and refine ;
 That softer charms to Britain may belong,
 And render her as graceful as she's strong.
 Thy manners faithfully depict thy mind,
 Though mild, yet spirited, and firm, yet kind,—
 Not the smooth subtilty of smiling art,
 A courteous mien, and an insensate heart,
 But frank, yet guarded, as if form'd to blend
 The prudent statesman and engaging friend ;
 Such is thy worth, and all that worth may trace
 Clear in the lines of an ingenuous face.

ON THE LINES

WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

BY DESIRE OF MRS. SHERIDAN,

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL BULLER.

As his own LAURA's fond regrets require,
 Lo ! Genius wakes the long-neglected lyre.
 And say what subject will his Muse attend—
 A hero lost, his LAURA's early friend?—
 Vain thought ! that Muse, inflam'd by party rage
 With party spleen pollutes the tuneful page,

And rashly vilifies a righteous cause
 From Britain wrung, in justice to her laws,
 Wrung by a race to human feelings dead,
 And whom th' indignant Virtues weeping fled ;
 A race who scatter o'er the world dismay,
 And blot, with foulest deeds, the face of day ;
 Deeds that, alas ! involve such direful woe,
 As mournful History will blush to shew.
 See, too, that Muse defame a patriot band,
 Whose timely wisdom sav'd this happy land,
 And while mad Error shakes the world around,
 On Truth's sure basis shall its safety found.
 Can she, can LAURA, in whose features beam
 Youth's gen'rous glow, approve the hideous theme,
 And with those eyes, where softest graces dwell,
 Smile on the eulogy of France or hell !
 Recal, deluded Bard, th' injurious lay,
 A purer homage to thy LAURA pay,
 No more with factious spleen disgrace thy pow'rs,
 Nor mingle thorns with thy Parnassian flow'rs,
 But place—her empire o'er thy heart to prove—
 The wreath of friendship on the shrine of love.

ON THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,

PAINTED BY MARIA COSWAY.

COSWAY, in whose accomplish'd mind
 We worth and genius trace,
 Her awful subject here design'd,
 With spirit, truth, and grace.

Be this her praise,—the vent'rous fair,
 As Envy's self must own,
 On heights untrack'd can nobly dare,
 Superior, and alone !

For e'en, upon so tried a theme,
 Though hard new lights to raise,
 Yet, touch'd by Faith's celestial beam,
 New lustre she displays.

Works long admir'd the mother's woes
 With wond'rous skill record;
 Here, only here, that mother shews
 Her offspring is her Lord.

Not lost in grief should she appear
 O'er Him who died to save,
 That contrite man, reliev'd from fear,
 Might triumph o'er the grave.

The rest who mourn his direful fate
 May yield to human woe ;
 But she, with holy zeal elate,
 With holy joy should glow.

Hence COSWAY's beauteous labours reach
 A more sublime success,
 With all that Piety could teach,
 And Genius could express.

ON THE ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF
 “ THE BIRTH OF THE THAMES,”
 PAINTED BY MARIA COSWAY.

MAJESTIC DENHAM, in his lofty lays,
 Gives to Old THAMES the meed of lasting praise,
 And marks the beauties of the noble stream,
 In numbers flowing as his honour'd theme :
 MARIA's genius shews its infant source,
 With fancy, spirit, elegance, and force.
 The happy Naiads raise the smiling boy,
 Presage of BRITAIN's patriot pride and joy,
 When his bold waves shall join her subject main,
 O'er all the world her glory to maintain.
 What taste, what judgment in the work we trace !
 What scientific truth and simple grace !
 The swan exults amid the sportive train,
 Anxious to glide along the liquid plain :
 Appropriate symbols deck the wat'ry glade,
 And Nature lends to Fiction all its aid.
 'Twas the same Muse, who touch'd with kindred fire
 The Painter's pencil and the Poet's lyre.
 Ah, Time ! of Painting the relentless foe—
 Else like his strains, would COSWAY's canvas glow,
 'Till thou shalt end, and Thames no more shall flow.

TO MARIA COSWAY*.

MARIA, when thy skill essay'd
 The source of Thames to shew,
 And with poetic force display'd
 The river's natal flow,
 'Twas Scotia's Muse thy genius fir'd,
 And wrought a secret spell ;
 Thy charming pencil she inspir'd
 Of Scotia's Bard to tell.

The child not England's Naiads raise,
 But Scotia's streams preside,
 In beauteous forms with joy they gaze,
 And welcome Scotia's pride.

Yes—tuneful SCOTT employ'd thy skill,
 Thus prompted by the Muse,
 Who bade his infant hands distil
 Her own Parnassian dews.

And thus came forth, accomplish'd friend,
 Thy work which all admire,
 Hence mingled honours will attend
 Thy pencil and his lyre.

A modest sigh now seems to say—
 “ Not mine that happy lot,
 For time will bid my works decay,
 And cherish those of SCOTT.”

* These lines, on the same picture, were written by desire of Mrs. COSWAY, as a testimony of her respect for the great Northern Bard.

But, dear MARIA, check that sigh,
 With cheering hope to soar,
 For Taste thy works will multiply*,
 Till Time shall be no more.

L I N E S

ON A

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE,

PAINTED DURING THE INFANCY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

BY MARIA COSWAY.

TOUCH'D by MARIA's genius, here we trace
 The pensive softness of maternal grace,
 Simplicity that, innocently wild,
 Beams in the features of the lovely child,
 While in BRITANNIA's awful form we see
 The patriot zeal that keeps an empire free :
 Hence we infer that all those merits dwell
 In her whose pow'rs can picture them so well.

Such was the tribute to MARIA paid,
 When first her skill this noble group portray'd :
 Alas ! what sad events have since been known !
 Lost is the fair successor to the throne ;
 BRITANNIA only of the group remains,
 To guard the favour'd isles where Freedom reigns.

* There are many beautiful engravings from this picture.

ON THE PICTURES, DRAWINGS, PRINTS, ETC. COLLECTED
BY THE LATE RICHARD COSWAY, ESQ. R.A.

WHAT ! COSWAY'S treasures doom'd for sale,
Collected with such skill refin'd,
That chance may spread them, mournful tale!
As scatter'd by the roving wind.
Forbid it Wealth, and prove thy taste,
For such a store no price regard,
Secure the whole with eager haste,
And Fame thy spirit shall reward.
For if dispers'd, we ne'er again
Can hope to see a prize so rare,
Which patriot pride may well retain,
And worthy of a nation's care.

ON THE POEMS OF MRS. ROBINSON.

MADNESS, in all thy horrors seen,
Thy sad and thy terrific mien,
Thy mutt'ring tongue and starting eye,
Thy scaring smile and rending sigh :
Dread wretch, whose mis'ry chills with fear,
Forbidding timid Pity's tear,
Thy state, in hues that ne'er shall fade,
Has LAURA'S potent muse portray'd :

That muse, who livelier charms can fling
 O'er wanton zephyrs of the spring,
 As swift they glide to sweet repose
 In the soft bosom of the rose.

That muse, whose vivid force can tell
 Of mighty Love's resistless spell;
 Who o'er the sternest hearts can reign,
 And hold it in a myrtle chain.

That muse, who paints the steady glow
 Of Valour rushing on the foe;
 While Fancy joins the martial train,
 And weeps along the groaning plain.

That muse, who now the riv'let leads,
 Soft stealing through enamell'd meads;
 Or now can shake the foamy shore
 With angry ocean's wildest roar.

That muse, whose daring strain displays
 Imperial Sol's meridian blaze,
 Or now the soft and solemn light
 That guides the car of pensive Night.

That muse—but what her pow'r shall bound?
 She proudly wings creation's round,
 And still o'er ev'ry scene she views
 Can more enchanting tints diffuse.

Oh, wond'rous fair! whose matchless song
 Enamour'd lures the tuneful throng
 To bend before thy sov'reign throne,
 For poetry is now thine own.

TO MRS. ROBINSON,

IN RETURN FOR HER POEMS.

AH! fain, dearest LAURA, my thanks would I pay,
 For the treasures of genius thy friendship bestows,
 But poor are all thanks to the worth of thy lay,
 Where the rich ore of poesy lavishly flows.
 To praise that rich ore too were equally vain;
 What Muse but thy own can its value impart?
 Yet when grateful simplicity offers the strain,
 'Tis the only reward that is dear to thy heart.
 Then take, dearest LAURA, the tribute sincere,
 From a friend who admir'd thee in life's early hour,
 And beheld in thy bloom the sweet promise appear,
 That time has matur'd to so lovely a flow'r.

ANSWER TO SOME LINES FROM THE SAME,

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

WHEN ev'ning spreads her modest grey,
 And wraps in gloom the silent grove,
 Perchance, upon the lonely spray,
 Some bird may twitter notes of love.
 But when the deep'ning shadows grow,
 If love-lorn Philomel complain,
 In sympathy of melting woe,
 That bird entranc'd resigns her strain.

So I, when mute thy magic lyre,
 My feeble lays may fondly pour ;
 But strike again the dulcet wire,
 At once I listen and adore.

LINES

ON MR. TURNERELLI'S BUSTS OF THEIR LATE MAJESTIES, OF THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, AND OF THE LATE DUKE OF KENT.

WEDLOCK, our happiest state below,
 If wisely understood,
 Too oft, alas ! poor mortals know,
 Brings evil more than good.

Yet GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, all must own,
 Were here a happy pair,
 And now, upon a heavenly throne,
 In joys eternal share.

The busts their worth and bliss below
 With truth and spirit prove,
 And, gazing on each other, shew
 Benignity and love.

Lo ! our lost hope, with equal truth,
 Our Princess, still so dear,
 Where all the gentle charms of youth
 In native grace appear.

And last, to close the royal train,
 Whose mem'ry all admire,
 We manly KENT behold again,
 With martial force and fire.

Ah! Death, withhold thy fatal dart,
 And long our Monarch spare,
 To make his throne a people's heart,
 Their safety still his care.

ON

THE BUST OF THE LATE HENRY GRATTAN,

MODELLED FROM LIFE BY TURNERELLI.

GRATTAN's no more, but still his mind
 In Fame's recording page we find,
 To patriot virtue just:
 And Genius has not toil'd in vain,
 For, lo! he seems to breathe again
 In TURNERELLI's bust.

GRATTAN.

THAT TURNERELLI's bust displays
 The face of GRATTAN, and portrays
 Marks of his mental strength
 We own, and POPE should praise obtain
 Who to his country gives again
 The Patriot at full length*.

* A portrait of GRATTAN, painted by Mr. POPE the actor.

Gives him in action, as he stood,
 When zealous for his country's good,
 He firmly propp'd her cause ;
 With eloquence as strong and bold
 As that of patriot Greeks of old,
 For freedom and the laws.

That POPE the human form can trace,
 Paint it with truth, expression, grace,
 In all his works we find ;
 But this alone is not his due,
 His judgment on the stage as true,
 Can trace the human mind.

LINES

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL MARBLE GROUP, A GENUINE
 WORK OF MICHAEL ANGELO, RECENTLY BROUGHT
 FROM ROME BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

BRITONS should here with grateful pleasure stand,
 To view a work from MICHAEL's master-hand,
 A work where Genius and Devotion join
 To pay due homage to a theme divine.

Lo ! where the mother bends with gentle grace,
 To mark her sacred infant's smiling face,
 Smiling as conscious of th' all-gracious plan
 To rescue, by redemption, erring man.
 St. JOHN approaches, with an air benign,
 As destin'd to promote the bless'd design,
 And all with pious awe absorbs the soul,
 As if a hallow'd touch inspir'd the whole.

Lament not, Rome, though doom'd at length to part
 From that which justly vies with Grecian art,
 For well the noble relic thou may'st spare,
 Since here secur'd by BEAUMONT's patriot care,
 And hence ordain'd that favour'd land to grace
 Where Freedom chose to fix her dwelling-place.

ON THE GALLERY OF PICTURES

PAINTED BY THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL
 ACADEMY, BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ.

No light, fantastic, objects here we find,
 But all that charms and elevates the mind.
 Religion seems to consecrate the place,
 And all around to breathe a solemn grace.
 Pleasure appears with Duty, hand in hand,
 And, touch'd with pious awe, we silent stand.
 A sacred impulse kindles in the breast,
 And Virtue venerates the name of WEST.

ON

THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LORD BYRON,

PAINTED BY RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ. R.A.

No wonder, WESTALL, that thy skill could trace
 The mental movements e'en of BYRON's face ;
 Thou saw'st the poet, with a poet's eye,
 And hence a poet's mind couldst well descry,

For thou, to graphic genius not confin'd,
Canst boast the pow'rs of a poetic mind *.

In pensive dignity the bard we see,
As if from all unruly passions free,
As if not brooding o'er man's vice, but woe,
And all the sad vicissitudes below,
Ere yet the mark of envy and of hate,
That spread a darksome col'ring o'er his fate;
While in life's spring he Nature's beauties found,
And saw her blooming roses scatter'd round;
By Fortune bade to choose his onward way,
To cleave to Virtue, or with Fancy stray.
Then might the mood thy pencil here portrays
Have mark'd the tenor of his future days,
Then might his mind, as in thy canvas seen,
Have kept his temper gentle and serene.

Such BYRON was, ere malice, pride, and scorn,
O'ercast the lustre of his radiant morn,
And rous'd a kind, benignant, gen'rous heart,
To point, with vengeful spirit, Satire's dart,
And give the tones of his surpassing lyre
To wanton sport and misanthropic ire.
Else he through life had held a high career,
To Virtue's enemies alone severe,
Else he had always prov'd her zealous friend,
And his chief purpose been a moral end.
Still his bold Muse, in all her strains sublime,
Secures due homage from admiring Time.

And, WESTALL, in thy faithful work we find,
His native features, and his pregnant mind.

* See a volume of admirable poetry written by this artist.

Such BYRON from the hand of Nature came,
 Illum'd by Genius with its brightest flame.
 Greece o'er his urn will shed a grateful tear,
 And Freedom, rescu'd, consecrate his bier.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE SAME

PAINTED BY THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R.A.

AGAIN we BYRON's semblance view,
 In all the lineaments as true
 As WESTALL also has design'd,
 Expressive of a lofty mind :
 But diff'rent feelings here we trace :
 WESTALL's is mark'd by pensive grace,
 As if, in meditative mood,
 His misanthropic spleen subdu'd,
 The Bard then griev'd for human strife,
 And all the various ills of life—
 A feeling that must touch the mind,
 When pond'ring o'er frail human kind.
 But PHILLIPS saw him at an hour
 When inspiration seem'd to tow'r,
 And Fancy's kindling flame to rise,
 Irradiating the Poet's eyes,
 While ev'ry feature 'gan to beam,
 And indicate the pregnant theme.
 PHILLIPS then caught the vivid fire,
 Prophetic of the swelling lyre,
 And proves how well he can infuse
 The spirit of the glowing Muse.

Hail ! artists, with congenial skill,
 Rivals in merit, not in will,
 May Fortune smiles to both impart,
 As props and ornaments of art.

THE LAST WORDS OF LORD BYRON*,

VERSIFIED.

I DIE content, with the sweet hope that Greece
 Will triumph o'er her foes, and dwell in peace ;
 Drive all oppressors from her classic land,
 That Liberty may there securely stand.
 May Christian sov'reigns, who deserve the name,
 Her independence cheerfully proclaim ;
 Deem it the duty that to man they owe,
 A just return for all their state below.
 And may those kings, detested by the wise,
 Those holy hypocrites, in pride allies,
 Become less haughty when they hear my fall,
 And feel that they must share the fate of all.
 Feel, too, more kindly towards the Grecian race,
 And die less mark'd by hatred and disgrace.

* " I die content, with the sweet hope that Greece will soon be entirely delivered from her barbarous oppressors, and that the sovereigns of Christendom will make it a sacred duty to proclaim her independence. May my death at least render these sovereigns less haughty, and more generous towards your heroic country. But for you, brave Greeks, persevere in your glorious career, crush your tyrants, and always maintain for your device, The Deliverance of Greece, or Death."—Lord BYRON.

But you, brave Greeks, pursue your bright career,
 Your savage foes will fly, distraught with fear.
 Let Freedom's emblems on your banners shine,
 And e'en be stamp'd upon the hallow'd shrine;
 And let your heroes, till their latest breath,
 Exclaim " Deliverance to Greece, or Death !"

ON

THE POEM ENTITLED " CONVERSATION,"

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM COOKE, ESQ.*

OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, ETC.

WELL has the Bard, in pleasing strains, defin'd
 The charms that men in social union bind,
 That call the talents and the virtues forth,
 Endearing wisdom, and adorning worth;
 Where wit, politeness, and instruction blend,
 And learning may with dignity descend;
 Where all their various merits can display,
 And none without improvement pass away.

Such is the social circle here design'd,
 To mould the manners, and to mend the mind:
 Such are the solid precepts of the book,
 But for the fair example study COOKE.

* Since deceased.

ON TWO INFANTS

IN PLASTER OF PARIS.

PRETTY studious Infant Pair,
 Happy in their busy care,
 This who cons th' instructive page,
 That whom graphic toils engage.
 Well, in either cherub face,
 We their diff'rent feelings trace ;
 This we see delighted reads,
 Sketching that what Fancy breeds.
 If from vivid Nature caught,
 Or the skilful sculptor's thought,
 Offspring of a gentle mind,
 Taste and tenderness combin'd.
 Surely by a parent plann'd,
 Fashion'd by a parent's hand.
 Artist, if the babes are thine
 Who suggested this design,
 May they, in their future scope,
 Gratify thy proudest hope ;
 Ne'er from virtue's precincts stray,
 But her dictates still obey ;
 This advance to letter'd fame,
 That high graphic honours claim,
 Models both of duty prove,
 To reward thy skill and love.

ON THE POEMS,

ADAPTED BY MRS. HEMANS TO ANCIENT WELSH MELODIES.

HAD HEMANS liv'd in days of yore,
 When soft LLEWELLYN laurels wore,
 And HOEL's harp was strung,
 Cambria had fondly rais'd her name
 Amid her bards of highest fame,
 And GRAY* her praise had sung.

The melodies of ancient days,
 Adorn'd by her heroic lays,
 With added force inspire ;
 CADWALLO seems to breathe again,
 And MODRED to resume his strain,
 Rous'd by her fervid lyre.

Well may it rouse each Cambrian swain,
 And urge him to the martial plain,
 His country's rights to guard ;
 Well may it kindle patriot fire,
 And swell with rapt'rous notes the lyre
 Of many a future bard.

And many a bard will hence be found
 The name of HEMANS to resound,
 O'er Cambria's wide domain ;
 Historic rolls shall stamp her praise,
 The hoary sage recite her lays,
 And children lisp the strain.

* Vide the Poem of " The Bard."

'Tis said, fair Dame, that, doubly kind,
 Nature, who so enrich'd thy mind,
 Gave thee a beauteous face,
 Where an expressive softness shews
 Thy heart with gen'rous feelings glows,
 And ev'ry moral grace.

As Nature thus to thee assign'd
 A face that speaks a noble mind,
 Ah ! general were the plan ;
 Should Vice in hideous form alarm,
 Virtue, like thee, in person charm,
 How happier then were man !

This simple strain from one unknown,
 Who greets thee for thy mind alone,
 Deign kindly to peruse ;
 And let him hope, some welcome day,
 That homage to thyself to pay
 Which now salutes thy Muse.

ON
 THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. N. M. ROTHSCHILD,
 PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

Lo ! where connubial and maternal grace
 In gen'rous ROTHSCHILD's wedded dame are seen,
 Benevolence, that animates her face,
 Imparts its lustre to her noble mien.
 And while her Partner, with industrious care,
 For riches wisely toils, to sweeten life,
 He yet would feel, were his a boundless share,
 His greatest treasure is his virtuous wife.

BEECHEY, thy merit here is ably shewn,
 For in this faithful portraiture we find
 Not the mere beauties of the form alone,
 But those that decorate a cultur'd mind.

ON RECEIVING A PRINT OF THE LATE
 CHARLES BURNEY, D.D. F.R.S. AND S.A.,
 RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED, BY HIS SON
 DR. BURNEY, OF THE ACADEMY AT GREENWICH.

THIS filial tribute to an honour'd Sire,
 The friends of learning will with zeal admire.
 Lamented BURNEY's semblance here is seen,
 His manly features, and his open mien;
 But not deep learning was his only claim,
 For worth and genius well adorn'd his name.
 With wit well-bred, with humour frank, but chaste,
 A compound rare of knowledge, spirit, taste:
 A priest with dignity, aloof from pride,
 A faithful friend, and an enlighten'd guide.

Such wert thou, BURNEY, and the world will see
 Few that in various pow'rs could rival thee.
 He who in these weak lines now mourns thine end,
 Long knew and honour'd thee, accomplish'd friend!
 Sooth'd by the truth that in thy son we find
 Congenial merits, and a lineal mind.

THE late Dr. BURNEY was Rector of Cliff, and of St. Paul's,
 Deptford, Kent, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain in Ord-
 nary to His MAJESTY.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
PAINTED BY LADY LONG*.

SAID Fashion to Painting “ I’m really quite tir’d
Of works that but please for the day,
While your charming labours by all are admir’d,
And for ages can boast of their sway.

O’er the whimsies of Fancy I’m destin’d to range,
All forms and all colours to try,
But my vot’ries are ever demanding a change,
And I’m toiling alone for the eye.

’Tis hard to see Poetry, Sculpture, and You,
Mankind with such ardour caress,
Yet find the vain only my footsteps pursue,
Who merely consult me on dress.

Then, pr’ythee, assist an unfortunate friend,
And teach me your beautiful art,
That my efforts to something superior may tend,
And reach from the eye to the heart.”

“ Go seek then,” said Painting, “ for models refin’d,
That rational vot’ries may throng,
Study works that delight both the eye and the mind,
In short, you should emulate LONG.

Resemble her talents, her judgment, her taste,
The wise and the good you’ll command,
Then Genius and Virtue to join us will haste,
And we all shall be found hand in hand.

* Now Lady FARNBOROUGH.

How the world will admire so harmonious a train,
 As folly and vice they controul,
 While Genius with Painting and Fashion shall reign,
 And Virtue preside o'er the whole !”

ON SOME LANDSCAPES

PAINTED BY LADY FARNBOROUGH.

THESE charming scenes when Nature saw,
 Exultingly she said,
 “ How well my beauties she can draw,
 Reflecting all I made !”

Advancing, with a modest air,
 Taste thus preferr'd her plea,
 “ She copies well, but then the Fair
 Selection owes to me.”

Next Genius boldly urg'd his claim,
 And cried, with haughty ire,
 “ Nature's too rude, and Taste too tame,
 Without my vivid fire.”

But soon to harmony inclin'd,
 At length 'twas their decree,
 The Fair with judgment had combin'd
 The pow'rs of all the Three.

ON MISS CROPLEY'S PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA, AND HER COPY OF THE PICTURE OF THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS, BY CARLO DOLCI, IN WINDSOR CASTLE.

CROPLEY has with such skill display'd
The person of the royal maid,
And caught so well the gentle grace
Which beams on her benignant face,
The whole so spirited, though meek,
We wonder that she does not speak.

And could old CARLO live again,
And see the copy, he'd complain,
So firm the touch, the lines so true,
And all with such a vivid hue,
That he was puzzled to make known
Which CROPLEY's work, and which his own,
And feel inclin'd to take an oath
That he had really painted both.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

SHELTERING A BIRD IN HER BOSOM FROM THE PURSUIT
OF AN EAGLE,

PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

AH! happy bird to find in Beauty's breast
A heav'nly mansion in a shelt'ring nest,

Safe from the 'vengeful eagle's fierce design,
 That pays no rev'rence to a form divine.
 But could that eagle view with human eyes,
 How would he pant to make that form his prize,
 And, struck with wonder at so fair a face,
 Sigh to be chang'd into the human race,
 Spurning his empire o'er the subject sky,
 An humble vot'ry at her feet to lie.

ON

A BUST OF THE LATE JOHN KEMBLE, ESQ.

MODELLED BY MR. GIBSON, OF LIVERPOOL.

SCULPTURE has here with classic taste design'd
 In CATO's aspect, KEMBLE's lofty mind;
 Awful he looks, with dignity sedate,
 As deeply pond'ring o'er his country's fate:
 Thus ADDISON presents the patriot sage,
 Who seem'd to live when KEMBLE trod the stage.

Yet Sculpture, e'en could PHIDIAS try his art,
 In vain would KEMBLE's scenic skill impart;
 While Painting too, with all the vivid glow,
 And mental force that LAWRENCE can bestow,
 Will but enable future times to trace
 His noble form, and his expressive face.

ON

SIR W. BEECHEY'S PORTRAIT OF LADY JODRELL.

NATURE 'twas kind in thee to give
 Such charms to JODRELL's face,
 Charms, which by BEECHEY's art, shall live
 In all their genuine grace.

Yes—future times the work shall see;
 But, Nature doubting still
 If so much beauty came from thee,
 Or from the painter's skill.

ON A MARBLE STATUE OF

THE INFANT SON OF THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

EXECUTED BY MR. BEHNES.

Lo ! where the child, in Nature's simple charms
 The timid rabbit shelters in his arms.
 Dear child, may feelings now we aptly trace
 Extend their kindness to the human race,
 That when misfortune seeks thy fost'ring care
 Thy lib'ral hand may ready bounty spare,
 And when unfriended genius needs thine aid,
 Oh ! lead it from obscurity's cold shade ;
 That Fame its genuine worth to all may shew,
 And teach the world to nurse its kindling glow.
 Thy cherub features well denote thy name,
 Where radiant smiles a lively mind proclaim.

May Hope, indeed, thy future conduct guide,
 And cheer thy course o'er life's eventful tide,
 Nor leave thee till thou'rt free from all annoy,
 Safe in the haven of eternal joy.

ON THE WORK ENTITLED
 "HORACE IN LONDON,
 OR, THE NEW THEATRUM POETARUM."

WRITTEN BY MESSRS. SMITH, BROTHERS, AND AUTHORS OF
 "REJECTED ADDRESSES."

HORACE in London!—well, that's true,—
 Nay we may really boast of two,
 And were the Roman here on earth
 He'd swear to him they owe their birth;
 At least he'd say that he could trace
 The mental features of his race;
 Such are the subjects he would treat—
 The thoughts as shrewd, the style as neat:
 Then would he turn his eyes around,
 Where some MÆCENAS might be found,
 Who less would honour give than gain,
 By zeal to serve the kindred twain;
 Perchance exalt their Muse to sport
 'Mid the gay precincts of the court,
 AUGUSTUS' leisure to beguile,
 Their just reward his fostering smile.

IMPROMPTU,
ON RECEIVING
AN INVITATION "TO MEET TWO SPINSTERS," MISS PORTER
AND MISS M. PORTER.

"To meet two Spinsters"! What a shame,
Such women still should bear the name;
Women of knowledge, taste, and parts,
With filial, friendly, tender hearts.
But no—the men are not to blame,
Since to such treasures all would aim,
Yet none could urge a proper claim;
Treasures which all their friends well know
Excel all riches could bestow,—
No—none have worth enough to gain
The hand of either of the twain.
Oh! Nature, when these sisters fair
Thou form'dst, ah! why not match the pair?
But such a work surpass'd thy skill,
And hence they must be Spinsters still.

IMPROMPTU.

TO THE LATE CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

THIS comes, my dear Sir, just to give you a hint,
That you promis'd to try to procure me a print
Of one to whose genius and learning I bend,
And am proud he admits me to rank as a friend.
His diffidence now will induce him to doubt
Whom thus I describe, and will not make him out.

I must therefore be plain then—the person I mean
 Is only a doctor—he may be a dean,
 But further advancement, to make his days brighter,
 He's not likely to get, and 'course not a mitre.
 But what's better far than all antiques at Wilton,
 Is his noble defence of our Poet great MILTON.
 He has giv'n us besides what to England a *bene is*,
 A spirited version of VIRGIL's fam'd ÆNEIS;
 And well may we hope then his Muse in her frolics
 Her work will resume and translate the “Bucolics.”
 And now, Sir, perchance whom I mean you will guess,
 If not, 'tis but truth, all your friends will confess.
 Then get me the print from your friend Mr. GRACE,
 And I know how to give it a suitable place,
 A place that indeed it most aptly will fit on
 The champion of MILTON, the VIRGIL of Britain.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A NEW-MARRIED PAIR.

THROUGH life, to make your union dear,
 Be always open and sincere;
 Let all your actions only tend
 To prove each other's firmest friend.
 Scorn ev'ry sordid view of pelf,
 And be to each another self:
 Let Reason still your conduct guide,
 And be to please your only pride.

Let not a thought pass through the mind
But what is faithful, just, and kind ;
So may you live in blissful love,
And be united when above.

TO A LADY NAMED ROSE.

THOU art a very pretty flow'r,
And fit to deck the nuptial bow'r,
Where mayst thou long on earth be found,
And spread thine infant buds around.
May storms ne'er hurt so fair a gem,
Or shake thee from thy vital stem.
With heart's-ease twin'd still mayst thou grow,
Life's garden to adorn below,
'Till hoary Time shall bid thee die,
To bloom for ever in the sky.

IMITATIONS.

IMITATIONS.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE I.

TO FRANCIS CONST, ESQ.

CONST, who thine ancestry canst trace
To Germans of a noble race*,
My simple lays attend;
I knew thee many a distant year,
And found thee kind, judicious, clear,
My Counsel and my friend.

How diff'rent the pursuits of Man
To pass away life's narrow span,
As various humours lead.—
This, while, at Fashion's wild command,
He fondly drives his four in hand,
Deems he's of noblest breed;

Another courts the giddy crowd,
Still of their fleeting favour proud;
Another hoards his grain;

* The family of KAUNITZ.

This tills his patrimonial field,
 And since his lands due profit yield,
 Avoids the dang'rous main.

The merchant dreads the stormy wind,
 To scenes of rural life inclin'd,
 And calm domestic ease,
 But poverty appears in view,
 He then his vessel trims anew,
 And tempts again the seas.

Some at the trumpet's call are fir'd,
 And straight with martial zeal inspir'd,
 Which anxious mothers scare ;
 This quits his bed and loving wife
 At chilly dawn, and hazards life
 To chase the hapless hare.

That seeks the Bacchanalian shrine,
 Delighted quaffs the gen'rous wine,
 And bus'ness casts aside,
 Or now beneath the Sylvan shade,
 In careless indolence is laid,
 Or by some classic tide.

Thee civic wreaths* ordain'd to wear,
 Has Justice call'd to grace her chair,
 Of worth the due reward ;
 But when thy mind resolv'd for law
 The Muse again dejected saw
 She lost another bard†.

* Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions.

† "How sweet an OVID was in MURRAY‡ lost."

‡ The great Lord MANSFIELD.

I, who am ne'er inclin'd to roam,
 Contented woo the Muse at home,
 Well pleas'd to toy with rhyme;
 And should thy taste my verse approve,
 Fancy may place me then above,
 Among our bards sublime.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

Lo ! on the mountain's awful brow,
 A vast augmenting mass of snow,
 The woods can scarce their load sustain ;
 The streams no more pursue their course,
 But, held by Winter's griping force,
 Are fix'd within his icy chain.

Pile faggots on thy blazing hearth,
 Devote the passing hours to mirth,
 Nor heed, oh ! friend, the season's war ;
 Still better to subdue the cold,
 Bring gen'rous wines four summers' old,
 And let us drain the Sabine jar.

Trust to the gods the rest : when they
 Shall drive the boist'rous winds away,
 That range along the foaming main,
 No longer then the Cypress grove,
 Nor aged ash, in storms shall move,
 But Peace o'er all resume her reign.

Seek not to scan, with curious eye,
 What in to-morrow's fate may lie,
 But count as gain the present day,

Nor, while the fires of youth remain,
 Refuse to join the dancing train,
 Or with the smiling loves to play.
 Now to the martial field remove,
 Or public walk, or private grove,
 When night her mantle spreads around,
 While, gentle as the vernal airs,
 Soft whispers speak enamour'd pairs
 Before th' expected signal's found.
 Now, too, the charming laugh to hear
 That proves the partial damsel near,
 Who seems to fly, with anxious care,
 Affecting to resent with scorn
 What fondly from her arm was torn,
 And hides, yet laughs to tell thee where.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

THE man whose life is just and pure,
 Needs not the jav'lin of the Moor,
 His quiver, bow, and poison'd dart;
 Confirm'd in conscious truth he goes,
 Unarm'd, yet not in fear of foes,
 His best defence an honest heart.
 Whether his toilsome course he bend
 Where Syrtes' sultry wastes extend,
 As Phœbus pours his scorching rays;
 Whether the dreary heights along
 Of Caucasus, or, fam'd in song,
 Where bright Hydaspes' current strays.

For lately, as in careless mood,
 I wander'd o'er the Sabine wood,
 And rais'd my voice in DELIA's praise,
 A furious wolf soon rush'd in view,
 And though I stood unarm'd he flew,
 As struck at once with dread amaze.
 Sure ne'er a wilder monster stray'd
 Through warlike Daunian's ample shade,
 Where all the fiercer kind abound;
 Sure ne'er a direr roam'd the plain
 Of swarthy Juba's wide domain,
 For nursing lions long renown'd.
 Place me in climes remote and drear,
 Where sullen clouds o'erhang the year,
 Such mighty Jove's severe decree!
 Climes only mark'd by Nature's woe,
 Where no enliv'ning breezes blow,
 But blighting winds on ev'ry tree.
 Place me so near the radiant way,
 Where flames the glorious lord of day,
 That man no habitation seeks;
 Yet should I live delighted there,
 Could I possess my fav'rite fair,
 Who sweetly smiles and sweetly speaks.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE II.

OH SALLUST to that ore a foe
 Which churlish earth conceals below,
 Can silver e'er be bright,

Unless restricted from abuse,
 And guided to a temp'rate use,
 It spreads a friendly light?

Long, long to grace his noble line,
 Shall virtuous PROCULEIUS shine,
 Who, with a parent's care,
 Acknowledg'd each fraternal claim,
 And hence his honour'd worth shall Fame
 To latest times declare.

If av'rice thou canst still subdue,
 To thee more glory will accrue
 Than hadst thou pow'r to bring
 Lybia to Gades, or to sway
 Each Carthage, should they both obey
 Thee as their rightful king.

Art ne'er dire Hydrops can repel,
 Which still we see luxurious swell,
 While yet the cause remains ;
 Unless with potent skill we try
 To make the growing mischief fly,
 And drive it from the veins.

Virtue contemns the silly crowd,
 Who in PHRAATES' praise are loud,
 Restor'd to Parthia's throne ;
 She tells them, far more great and wise
 Is he who riches can despise,
 And honours him alone.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE V.

WRITTEN DURING THE FIRST RETIREMENT OF MR. PITT
FROM OFFICE.

ADORN'D by Heav'n's peculiar grace,
The pride of Chatham's honour'd race,
Oh ! take again command :
On thee the nation turns its eye,
For none thy absence can supply ;
Return to guard the land.

Return, oh ! Albion's purest light,
Like spring, enliv'ning, active, bright,
Nor let thy country pine ;
Her loyal sons will soon be gay,
No low'ring storms will darken day,
But Sol unclouded shine.

As a fond mother pours her cries,
In hopes to move the pitying skies,
Her darling son away ;
Stopp'd by the deep Carpathian main,
While adverse winds the bark detain,
In some far distant bay ;

With anxious eyes she views the shore,
And prays that Heav'n will waft him o'er
From perils of the sea ;—
Britons for him thus eager wait,
Whose wisdom should preserve the state,
Thus PITT they wish for thee.

Plenty would yield her various store,
 Triumphant navies guard our shore,
 And Faction fly the place ;
 Domestic feuds would soon subside,
 And Britain still with loyal pride
 Boast her own native race.

We then should laugh at threat'ning Gaul,
 Her vassals Holland, Russia, all
 Who dar'd invade our soil ;
 Culture would cheerfully combine
 The widow'd elm, and roving vine,
 And blessings crown our toil.

We rank thee with our noblest line,
 To thee we quaff the gen'rous wine,
 And raise a votive strain :
 Thus in the morn, with temper'd zeal,
 And thus in jovial hours we feel
 When Sol's beneath the main.

HORACE, BOOK I. EPISTLE IV.

ALBIUS, on all my labours still inclin'd
 To pass the judgment of a candid mind,
 What shall I say is now thy tuneful toil,
 Led by the Muse o'er thy Pedanian soil ?
 Dost thou resolve on works in number more,
 Than e'en at Parma, CASSIUS' bulky store,
 Or silent stray along the balmy grove,
 Intent on themes the wise and virtuous love ?

'Thou wert not born to act a worthless part,
 No torpid trunk art thou, without a heart,
 The gods to thee in various gifts were kind,
 The gods bestow'd on thee a noble mind ;
 They gave thee riches, and they gave thee skill
 To share thy riches with a boundless will.
 What could an anxious nurse of Heav'n implore,
 E'en for her fav'rite boy, than such a store ;
 Than wisdom, and the courage to reveal
 The boldest energies the heart can feel ;
 Than fair repute, than fame, than blooming health,
 A plenteous board and competence of wealth ?

Amidst suspense, anxiety, and fear,
 Amidst whate'er to vex thee may appear,
 Still think, at sight of morn's returning ray,
 It then is shining on thy life's last day.
 Hence, if to-morrow come, with double pow'r,
 Its beams will cheer Time's unexpected hour.
 Me shouldst thou visit with a sportive mind,
 A proper subject will thy humour find,
 Fat, clean, and sleek in look, a happy sign,
 Laugh as thou wilt at EPICURUS' swine.

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON.

ISAIAH, CHAP. XIV.

How is the tyrant fall'n—to rise no more—
 His empire gone, and rapine's boundless store !
 The righteous Providence that rules the ball,
 Has crush'd the wretch who strove to conquer all.

He whose dire fury urg'd the ceaseless stroke,
 And bent so many to his iron yoke,—
 An awful retribution !—now lies low ;
 And none could wish to stay th' avenging blow.
 Mankind, releas'd from his oppressive reign,
 At length repose, and raise a grateful strain.

The forests lift their heads, and all rejoice,
 As if their rustlings breath'd a human voice,
 And seem to say, “ No felling now we dread,
 Since Heav'n has laid in dust thy tow'ring head.”

Hell gapes beneath, impatient for its prey,
 The dead rush up to cross thee on thy way :
 The chiefs and sov'reigns of the world shall rise,
 And thus salute thee with upbraiding cries,
 “ How long'd mankind to see the joyful day
 That brought the close of thy terrific sway,
 And made thee, after all thy dread career,
 As weak as those thy butch'ring arm sent here.

Thy pomp at last is humbled to the ground,
 No more thy trumpets raise a martial sound,
 A writhing mass of worms is now thy bed ;
 Worms crawling o'er thee like a mantle spread.

How art thou fall'n, once vainly styl'd “ The Great,”
 Now stretch'd on earth who levell'd many a state ;
 Didst thou not say, amidst thy pride of pow'r,
 “ O'er all the world will I triumphant tow'r !
 Mankind shall bow obsequious to my nod,
 Proclaiming me a prophet or a god !”
 Yet heav'nly justice shall thy fury quell,
 And thou shalt sink into the depth of hell.

They who behold thee in this abject state,
 Shall say, exulting in thy righteous fate,
 “ Is this the man who broke the ties which bind,
 By common rights, all civiliz’d mankind !
 Who strangers, tempted by his treach’rous snare *,
 He exil’d kept, to languish and despair !
 Is this the man who trampled kingdoms down,
 While all the world stood trembling at his frown !
 Who midst the wreck of nations grimly smil’d,
 And made the fruitful earth a barren wild ! ”

The Princes who have met Death’s awful doom,
 Repose with honour in a kindred tomb ;
 But, just return for all thy impious pride,
 To thy base carcase is a grave denied—
 Hack’d by the sword, like garments of the slain,
 And spurn’d away, for vultures to remain.

’Gainst all his tribe let Slaughter raise her hand,
 That none may rise to repossess the land ;
 The Pow’r on high, omnipotent and just,
 Shall smite his race, and scatter them in dust.

* This passage particularly corresponds with the tyranny of NAPOLEON, in detaining our countrymen who had been induced to visit France during the peace of Amiens. Indeed, the whole execrable conduct imputed by the prophet to the object of his denunciation applies so strongly to the Usurper of France, that all mankind must ardently hope to see the prediction fully verified in this instance, as a warning to all tyrants.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR,

1787.

AN IMITATION.

Now reader, on the lofty back,
 Great PETER, bard sublime, is vaulting,
 Of that renown'd Pindaric hack
 His master never yet found halting.

But where the devil shall I drive,
 Or what poetic ground explore,
 Where oft the hungry tuneful hive
 Have not been buzzing long before?

Yet something must be done, dear gossip Muse,
 Hast then no friend to praise, no foe abuse?
 Come, bid thy lyre its sweetest notes prepare,
 Sweet as if strung by master PHÆBUS' hair.
 Though why such chords should give more dulcet
 tone,

To tell exceeds my wit, I fairly own.

An Ode must be produc'd I swear,
 And lo! the time is nigh,
 For else the world will straight declare
 That PETER's pump is dry.

Now then fair Muse display thy tuneful matter,
 'Tis the New Year invites thy lofty lay,
 Dost thou not hear the din of lyric clatter,
 That wakes all Grub-street 'gainst this awful day?

With angry voice methinks I hear thee cry,
 “ My lyre on such a theme shall sound for no man,
 A novel thought the Nine could ne’er supply
 Upon a theme so very dull and common.”

Think not, proud minx, thy lays should be confin’d
 To sing the wonders of the coming year,
 Bring something forth, and faith I shall not mind,
 However wild the varying verse may veer.

Then, Madam, set aside all needless fury,
 Sing but of something, and no matter what—
 A nabob’s truth, the chastity of Drury,
 A modest Irishman and simple Scot.

“ Well, since the muse may rear aloft her wing
 Without constraint, her theme shall be the King.”
 —Hold, hold, dear damsel, pr’ythee stay
 Till mighty GEORGE’S natal day.
 Then will I eager seize the happy time,
 And pour forth copious floods of loyal rhyme ;
 Then sing with wonted zeal my monarch’s praise,
 The pride and glory of his PETER’S lays.

“ The Prince.”*—Ah ! there unlucky dame,
 Thou’rt quite forestall’d by partial fame,
 And not one virtue could thy strains resound
 But she has sung th’ admiring world around.

“ Then strike to private worth the string,
 St. AUBYN† and his sisters sing,
 And say how pleas’d the man of rhyme
 Beneath their roof enjoy’d his easy time.”

* Written during the late reign.

† Sir JOHN ST. AUBYN, Bart.

Dear Muse, I gladly would obey,
 And praise them in my noblest lay,
 But know their modesty is such,
 'Twould deem the faintest praise too much,
 And shame would 'whelm the charming throng
 On hearing the oppressive song ;
 Therefore one virtue to respect
 I must a hundred more neglect.

“ To Painters ? ”—No, e'en let them rest
 Snug in their academic nest :

For OPIE'S business now is done ;
 That wond'rous boy has fix'd his name
 High on the rolls of graphic fame ;
 I therefore drop my lyric fun.

“ Strange, PETER, since you thwart me thus,
 And all my themes refuse,
 E'en make an Ode without more fuss,
 And never mind a muse.”

Then since the proud Parnassian jade
 Denies her tuneful aid,
 I'll beat my brains
 For better strains,
 And thus in numbers strong and sweet
 Great PETER shall the New Year greet.

ODE.

AN IMITATION.

WELL, squire New Year, I hail thy dismal birth,
 Whelp'd when bluff Winter rules the gloomy earth,
 Shap'd in a most forbidding form,
 With snowy garb and breath of storm ;
 Art thou a thing to wake the poet's lyre,
 Who driv'st him pinch'd and shiv'ring to the fire ?
 Glad to escape from thy fell stripe,
 And potent paw's tremendous gripe !
 Pray what dost thou intend
 Before thy twelve-month life shall end ?—
 Must lightnings dart to shake our souls with fear,
 Or angry thunders roll—to spoil small beer ?
 Shall Plague extend her baleful hand,
 Or Famine seize the blasted land ?
 What odd, but shocking strife,
 Hast thou decreed for human life ?
 Must War set blowing all her fires,
 Because one man a bit of dirt desires ?
 Or slaughter'd millions load the plain,
 That nabobs may augment their gain ?
 And when about the mournful world
 All sorts of horrors thou hast hurl'd,
 For all these mighty pretty pranks
 Thou wilt, perhaps, expect our thanks.
 What wonders shall adorn thy bright career ?
 What lofty bards or learned pigs appear ?

Think not, bluff Sir, thy work is done
 If plenty bless the smiling land,
 Or science unknown stores expand,
 Thou also must produce some fun,
 And yield for ev'ry day fresh tittle-tattle.
 Then let thy fancy some vagaries breed,
 The giddy throng's fantastic wish to feed;
 Let some new SIDDONS teach them how to cry,
 Knock out some bruiser's only eye,
 And future Jews and HUMPHREYS bring to battle*.

A thousand hints for thy invention
 The bard wants leisure now to mention,
 But thou must stir thy stumps about,
 And always keep a sharp look out.
 That is, squire Year, if thou'rt inclin'd
 To leave a decent name behind.—
 Thou see'st I am no flatt'ring wight;
 I do not, like the bards of yore,
 Thy wond'rous virtues praise before
 Old father Time has push'd thee into light.

For all the counsel of my friendly lay,
 To thy kind poet due attention pay;
 My modest wish to trifling things extends;
 I only ask for vig'rous health,
 Wide spreading fame and tides of wealth,
 Besides a group of firm and witty friends.—
 If it thee please
 To grant me these,

* Written about the time when this memorable event took place.

Then, like the world's ungrateful pack,
 I'll not abuse thee when thou'st turn'd thy back ;
 But, at thy death,
 My lyric breath
 Of thy successor shall implore the same,
 And hand him up, like thee, to endless fame.

FRAGMENT.

AN IMITATION.

ARTISTS, my cousin PETER, sportive wight,
 No longer tunes on paint the lyric strings,
 But higher wings his bold ambitious flight,
 To soar o'er palaces and pounce on kings.
 Must then your annual deeds unsung remain,
 Because his Muse at loftier themes will jump ?
 Rather than so, I'll cudgel my dull brain,
 Or from his ink-horn steal some cast-off stump.
 Yet, who shall dare to touch his pen, ah ! no ;
 'Tis he himself can manage it alone ;
 'Twould only prove to me ULYSSES' bow—
 I'll e'en content myself to try my own ;
 Not from the eagle's mighty pinion caught,
 As proudly rising to salute the sun,
 But from MINERVA's bird of solemn thought,
 Brush'd down perchance amid some airy fun.

Th' attempt I own is hazardous and rash,
 And what the surly critic must cry fie on ;
 With Satire's horse-whip he'll my shoulders thrash,
 And say an ass pursues the Lybian lion.

But yet indeed the business soon were done,
 Should nought but merit wake the Muse's lay ;
 And sure 'twere wrong to waste Pindaric fun
 On works that only live a little day.

The Samian's sage's creed, I fear is vain—
 The spirit does not here renew its birth ;
 Below APELLES' soul can ne'er remain,
 At least it wears no painting shape on earth.

Now, gossip Muse, thy rambling nonsense stop,
 The voice of gentle Candour let us hear ;
 Come, to the graphic mansion let us hop,
 And view the fruits of this prolific year.

Painters, when late the awful morning came
 That gave your labours to the gaping town,
 Of curiosity I felt the flame,
 Away I sprang, and clapp'd my shilling down.

Ah ! shilling, bearing on thy splendid face
 The sacred head of Majesty so fine,
 Where laurell'd honours, with heroic grace,
 Record the triumphs of a soul divine.

Well, up the stairs my bardship nimbly tripp'd,
 Swift as the whizzing arrow cuts the air,
 My eyes around the room as nimbly skipp'd,
 And on each mighty work I marv'ling stare.

REYNOLDS, thy pencil fix'd my wand'ring view,
 Supreme in genius—worthy all thy fame;
 Thy magic touch to taste and nature true,
 Secures for immortality a name.

Aye—here's the vig'rous son of am'rous JOVE,
 Fruit of sly transports with AMPHITRYON's wife,
 Whose cradell'd strength with twining monsters strove,
 And crush'd out, giant-like, the venom'd life.

Ah! REYNOLDS, why should portrait thee confine,
 Whose stroke can epic force at once impart,
 Whose canvas with Homeric fire can shine,
 And blaze with all the true sublime of art?

But now 'tis our poetic pleasure
 To change the measure—
 Oh! for that pliant quill
 To turn at will,
 Light as the steed o'er fam'd Newmarket's plain,
 Or slow and solemn as the beasts that draw
 That stately character beheld with awe,
 The city's annual king, bedeck'd with fur and chain,
 When to Cheapside return'd, each staring sinner
 Envies the jaded Lord his hard-earn'd dinner.

In vain I strive a nearer view to gain—
 To see such wonders crowds resistless strain—
 A charming struggle 'twixt the old and young,
 Like insects swarming o'er the dabs of dung.

Now let us, gentle Muse, advance,
 To view the work of Mr. DANCE—
 Upon my word, a landscape chaste;
 And touch'd with spirit, truth, and taste;

But what is best, if right we understand,
 Most of the scene is Mr. DANCE's land.
 Rhymers and daubers never should be rich—
 Wealth gives them all for indolence an itch;
 'Twas long ere DANCE to paint return'd;
 Some said his former art he spurn'd,
 Which made the world dame Fortune curse,
 Who chang'd his charming pencil to a purse.

Reader, full well we know another*
 In genius as in blood his brother,
 Whose fame o'er graphic regions spreads
 For taking heads;
 Not, mind me, in the guillotining fashion;
 And though some heads from folly caught
 Seem'd ne'er encumber'd with a thought,
 His skill invests them all with cogitation.

But now we'll hasten from the DANCES
 To note the labours of Sir FRANCIS†;
 A morning scene—the sun just come abroad—
 I fear the artist did not look
 Merely on nature's splendid book,
 But caught a hint or two from master CLAUDE.

A shrewd observer oft may find
 A painter's secret turn of mind;
 And whether he's a Christian or a Jew,
 This is a matter known to few:

* The late Mr. G. DANCE had proceeded very far in an admirable series of portraits of all who are distinguished in the present time, whether by genius or by accident.

† The late Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS.

That BOURGEOIS is devout, we sure may say ;
 Mark how the pious heifer rears her head
 To where the orient splendours fiercely spread,
 And pays her homage to the God of day.

Friend STUBBS, thy worth I freely own,
 But landscape-efforts let alone ;
 Hard are thy meadows, and thy trees are wool ;
 Thy men are rather stiff and cool :
 On these, friend STUBBS,
 Beware of critic-snubs ;
 Give landscape up without remorse,
 And stick to horse—
 There all must own thy pencil well is,
 And of Newmarket christen thee th' APELLES.

Near what old mould'ring castle's story'd site
 Has FARINGTON been following modest Nature,
 Whose simple charms to him can yield delight,
 Proving to modern taste an arrant traitor ?

Aye—here we have it—CONWAY's ancient pile
 Rears its majestic graces o'er the strand ;
 WILSON* might look with an approving smile,
 And think the work a credit to his hand.

Lord ! what a host of daubs with crimson reeking,
 That seem imported from Canton and Peking ;
 Or if with local accent I should wanton,
 That seem imported from Peking and Canton.

* The late Mr. FARINGTON studied under the celebrated landscape painter WILSON.

Ah ! would such artists raise a pott'ry fame,
 WEDGWOOD would wail with envy and affright ;
 On pots and pipkins should their genius flame,
 And carry crock'ry to its proudest height.

THE PILOT THAT MOORED US IN PEACE*.

IF honour'd " the Pilot that weather'd the Storm "—
 And ne'er should our justice and gratitude cease—
 Shall the sight of the harbour our hearts fail to warm ?
 No—here's to " the Pilot that mōor'd us in
 Peace."

In hope of new warfare Ambition may sigh ;
 And party hostilities strive to renew ;
 To wisdom that nation to nation could tie,
 The blessings of Europe are honestly due.
 And shall not his merits then Britons revere,
 Who took to the helm at his Sov'reign's command—
 A pilot who prov'd he could steadily steer,
 And the vessel secure from the storm and the
 strand.

* This tribute to the merit of an able and amiable nobleman, who assumed the arduous post of Prime Minister, by desire of our late excellent Monarch, at an awful and eventful period, was published anonymously in the year 1802. The reader hardly need be told, that the above lines are a parody on the poem of " The Pilot that weather'd the Storm ", (the illustrious WILLIAM PITT,) written by the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING:—

" Let others hail the rising sun,
 I bow to that whose course is run."

Who, when gloom and dejection hung over the State,
 As the orb that preserv'd us its radiance withdrew,
 Brought the ship into port, through the perils of fate,
 Unsullied her flag, and in safety her crew.

Exulting, impetuous, on glory we gaze,
 And caught by War's triumph scarce think of its
 woes,

But the pause of reflection its horrors displays,
 And the heart of humanity pants for repose.

So SIDMOUTH, while proudly as Britons we burn,
 On viewing the laurels by Conquest assign'd,
 Still with nobler delight to thine olive we turn,
 The symbol of happiness shar'd by mankind.

Oh ! take, then—for honour with spirit maintain'd,
 For counsels by judgment and prudence matur'd ;
 Oh ! take, for the Peace which thy wisdom has gain'd,
 The thanks of an empire whose rights are secur'd !

And oh ! if the value of Concord we prize,
 And hope that the blessings of life may increase ;
 The respect of the good, and the thanks of the wise,
 Are due to “ the Pilot that moor'd us in Peace.”

ELEGY.

SPOKEN ON A COUNTRY HILL-SIDE*.

A PARODY.

THE ruin spread by war is wisely o'er,
 The grateful mob a Peace receive with glee,
 The drooping party cease their wonted roar,
 And leave these shades to silence and to me.

* Written during the consulship of BUONAPARTE.

Now sinks the distant ling'ring hope of pow'r,
 And all the world our scatter'd squadron shun,
 Save where some mongrel turns in lucky hour,
 Or needy Genius flies a threat'ning dun.

Save that among the title-varnish'd tribe,
 Some wealthy dupe, inclin'd to purchase fame,
 Our leading patriots may with banquets bribe,
 In fond ambition of a statesman's name.

Amid our tavern crowds, and clubs select,
 Who form'd full many a Gallic scheme for pow'r,
 Each in his flatt'ring dreams for ever check'd,
 The bold reformers of the nation low'r.

The specious creed of rebel-raising France,
 The tempting triumphs of her blood-stain'd race,
 The mob's wild clamour, or capricious chance,
 No more shall cheer them with a gleam of Place.

For them no more the tavern bells shall ring,
 Or easy landlord trust the daily fare,
 No waiters at the sound shall eager spring,
 Or lend their vails the gamester's throw to share.

Oft would the giddy to their doctrines yield,
 Their fury oft the bounds of order broke,
 How would they bawl in Copenhagen field,
 How laugh'd the mob at ev'ry vulgar joke.

Let not the placeman their distress deride,
 Their shifting life, the hardships they endure,
 Nor ministry behold with scornful pride
 The hopeless horrors of the patriot poor.

The prop of cabinets, the monarch's choice,
 And all that budgets, all that loans provide,

Depend alike upon the Senate's voice ;
 The paths of office lead to t'other side.
 Nor you, ye rich, impute to these the crime,
 If Patronage to them her gifts refuse,
 Where, through the long-drawn lapse of heedless time,
 The perquisites are far beyond the dues.
 Can studied speech, or unprepar'd reply,
 Rouse all the Commons to a factious ire ?
 Can Wisdom's voice be baffled by a lie,
 Or clamour force our rulers to retire ?
 Perchance among our party's ruin'd band
 Are hearts still zealous with aspiring aim,
 Heads that the fall of empire might have plann'd,
 Or rais'd with energy a gen'ral flame.
 But Britain, adverse to their golden dreams,
 Blind to the light of France oppos'd the storm
 Dull magistrates repress'd their daring schemes,
 And damp'd the noble spirit of reform.
 Full many a hardy patriot of our gang,
 The dark unwholesome cells of prisons bear,
 Full many a hero Law has doom'd to hang,
 A shackled warning in the tainted air.
 Some low-born ORLEANS, who, if nobly bred,
 Would paltry titles of his birth decline,
 Some bold ambitious FAIRFAX might have led,
 Some BRADSHAW who a monarch's doom would sign.
 Th' abuse of loyal bigots to disdain,
 The slavish code of Britain to despise,
 The cause of Gallic freedom to maintain,
 And paint its glories to the nation's eyes,

Our party boast—nor do we only boast
 Of sounding words, but active measures try,
 To stop the needless levies for our coast,
 And on the faith of Gallia to rely ;

The thoughtless crowd of abstract rights to tell,
 To shew in them true majesty we find,
 To teach a people when they may rebel,
 With maxims suited to the vulgar mind.

Lost to the chance of all official sweets,
 A casual income some derive from play,
 Along obscure and unfrequented streets
 Some keep the cautious tenor of their way.

Yet e'en our band from bailiffs to protect,
 Those fam'd for parts a happier fortune meet,
 And, wheedling peers or people to elect,
 Secure the lucky shelter of a seat.

Their names, their jokes, puft in the daily news,
 The world with pointed paragraphs surprise,
 And many a daring comment they diffuse,
 That teach the timid democrats to rise.

For who, to tame obscurity a prey,
 The lively tattle of the town resign'd,
 Scorn'd the diverting columns of the day,
 Nor wish'd some notice of himself to find !

On some kind print the orator depends
 The morning record of his speech to bring,
 E'en when at home we tell it to our friends,
 E'en in our dreams we make St. Stephen's ring.

For thee who, feeling for thy party's fate,
 Dost in these mimic lines bemoan their woe,
 If chance, long-buried in sequester'd state,
 Some simple stranger seek thy course to know,

Haply some angry trav'ller then may say,
 "Oft have we seen him to the Thuilleries go,
 Casting all sense of British pride away,
 To fawn upon his country's deadliest foe.

There at the foot of Gallia's haughty chief,
 Who rears his stern presumptuous head so high,
 In abject state he stood, that mocks belief,
 To catch each motion of the Consul's eye.

Grave as if now with studious aims in view,
 Searching the musty rolls of former days,
 Now rev'lling freely with an exil'd crew,
 Or mourn'd their fate, or cheer'd with baneful praise.

One morn I saw him on the Consul wait,
 Beside the throne, and with a bended knee,
 Another came, and still in cringing state,
 With supple joint, beside the throne was he.

The next with censures due he took his way,
 In praise of Gallia eager to declaim,
 Attend and hear (for all should hear) the lay
 That still with honest scorn should brand his name."

INSCRIPTION.

Here rests his tongue, in this deserted place,
 A wight to Fortune and to Fame well known,
 Kind Nature stor'd his mind with lib'ral grace,
 But Dissipation mark'd him for her own.

Wild was his conduct, though he fain would teach,
Fortune her favours did as wildly dash,
He gave his party—all he had—a speech :
His party gave—'twas all he wish'd—their cash.
No further seek his errors here to tell,
Or e'en his follies to the world proclaim,
(There they, alas ! have long been known too well)
The idol of his faction, and their shame.

TALES.

TALES.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

RECITED BY MR. FAWCETT.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago or more,

A pleasant wag on town, yclep'd TOM KING;
A fellow that was clever at a joke,

Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke;

In short, for strokes of humour quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this KING was known,

With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—

Choice Spirit, grave Freemason, Buck, and Blood,

Would crowd his stories, and bon mots to hear,

And none a disappointment e'er could fear,

His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight,

A frolic he would hunt for day and night,

Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown;

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,

At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,

Nor left the game till he had run it down.

One night our hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight,—
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,

Known at that time by name of Refugees ;
 The rod of persecution from their home
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,

And here they lighted like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were saunt'ring through the
 street,

In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,

When in a window high a light they view,
 And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So tow'rds the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock)

“ I'll ask”, says KING, “ if THOMPSON lodges here.”

“ THOMPSON,” cries t'other, “ who the devil's he?”—

“ I know not,” KING replies, “ but want to see

“ What kind of animal will now appear.”

After some time a little Frenchman came,

One hand display'd a rush-light's trembling flame,

And from the other dangled his culotte,

An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,

A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,

Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.

Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,

Bending his head obsequious to his knee,—

“ Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late,
I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you vait—

Pray tell me, Sare, vat your commands vit me.”

“ Sir,” answer'd KING, “ I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go,—

But really I disturb'd your sleep I fear,—

I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this street may dwell,

If there's a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here ?”

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleas'd to find
The bus'ness of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,

Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—

“ No, Sare, no Monsieur TONSON lodges here.”

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed ;

But KING resolv'd not thus to drop the jest—

So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before,

No footstep seem'd approaching to the door,

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound—

KING with the knocker thunder'd then again,

Firm on his post determin'd to remain,

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last KING hears him o'er the passage creep—
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep—

The wag salutes him with a civil leer ;
Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes,
“ Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodging here ?”

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright—
“ Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I toll you, Sare, last night,”
(And here he laboured with a sigh sincere),

“ No Monsieur TONSON in de vorld I know,—
No Monsieur TONSON here—I toll you so—

Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur TONSON here.”

Some more excuses tender'd, off KING goes,
And the poor Frenchman sought once more repose ;

Our Wag next night pursu'd his odd career—
'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd in a piteous cry,

“ Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur TONSON here.”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster.—

Anxious she strove his errand to enquire,

He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,

He should not stir 'till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,

The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,

And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day,—
KING told her she must fetch her master down,

A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,

But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl

Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears—
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When KING attacks him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain,
To this tormentor mildly to complain,

And straight in rage began his crest to rear.—
“Sare, vat de Devil make you treat me so?—
Sare I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
Begar, I swear, no Monsieur TONSON here.”

True as the night KING went and heard a strife,
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which should descend to chase the fiend away :
At length to join their forces they agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,

Utt'ring his old enquiry, calmly stood,—
The name of THOMPSON rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,

With, “Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.”

In short our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :

They throw out water, for the watch they call,
But KING expecting, still escapes from all—

Monsieur at last was forc'd the house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime;
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot:
 At length, content amid his rip'ning store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London with impatient hope he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll the well-known haunt to trace.
 "Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said,
 "My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.—
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
 Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal?
 Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
 He took his old abode that very day—

 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel!
 Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears,
 The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
 With rush-light, as before, he creeping came,
 And KING's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
 Then starting, he exclaim'd in rueful strain,
 "Begar! here's Monsieur TONSON come again."—
 Away he ran, and ne'er was heard of more.

FRANK HAYMAN,

A TRUE STORY.

FRANK HAYMAN, once a brother of the brush,
 Had talents much distinguish'd in his day ;
 But for his art he hardly car'd a rush,
 If some odd mischief stumbled in his way.

This wag was deem'd by all the social tribe,
 A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
 Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
 And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.

There is a famous place, yclept Vauxhall,
 Where cits, good folks, regale, with merry hearts,
 And oft to busy waiters eager bawl,
 For fresh supplies of ham, and beef, and tarts.

There you may see of boxes many a row,
 For such as like to feast in state design'd,
 With pictures deck'd, that make a goodly shew ;
 Now, in these pictures, HAYMAN's skill we find.

There old JACK FALSTAFF, guilty of a lie,
 Attempts his bragging cowardice to screen,
 There, with the sage magician, NELL we spy,
 While surly JOBSON low'rs with jealous spleen.

And there too may remembrance fondly trace,—
 Ah ! sweet reflection to the pensive mind,—
 The simple pleasures of a careless race,
 Ere yet they learn to prey upon their kind :

The shuttlecock that like ambition flies,
 Driv'n by contending factions to and fro ;
 The blinded boy who wanders by surmise,
 True emblem of our darkling state below.

And other pastimes of our early days,
 Recal in various scenes life's jocund May,
 Where e'en the proud philosopher might gaze,
 And envy ignorance its thoughtless play.

Oh ! Infancy, whate'er thy fortune gay,
 Whom no sad records of the past annoy,
 Thy present wrapt in frolics of the day,
 And all thy future but to-morrow's joy.

But in a spacious room, Rotunda hight,
 Where all the crowd with gaping wonder roam,
 There HAYMAN's genius wings a prouder flight,
 And British triumphs decorate the dome.

Here Asia's tribes submit to English bands,
 While all the Blacks and Whites seem quite alive,
 And here great Albion's chief superior stands,
 MEER JAFFIER a mere nothing to Lord CLIVE.

Here AMHERST too, a fav'rite son of Fame,
 Shews the true temper of a British breast,
 Not more awake to valour's active flame,
 Than prompt with zeal to succour the distress.

And other martial heroes too are there ;
 GRANBY, who rears his head in naked grace—
 A head that could not miss the wither'd hair,
 Since wreaths of deathless laurels crown the place.

There heads of naval heroes, wond'rous sight,
 Are floating on the billows, just like fishes,
 A host of heads, with powder'd locks bedight,
 Borne up by Nereids, or on buoyant dishes.

And not a face among them sinking dreads,
 But on they glide together full of glee,
 Nor need we wonder that they raise their heads,
 Since Britons find their element at sea.

At length to dignify a train so dear,
 And to complete the splendour of the scene,
 A sight that ev'ry loyal breast must cheer
 A patriot monarch, and a virtuous queen.

But now, methinks, some critic, with a smile,
 Exclaims, "but where's the story all this while?
 Why all this tedious stuff about Vauxhall,
 When ev'ry body here has seen it all?
 What more of this FRANK HAYMAN shall we know?
 We knew he was a painter long ago."

Dull snarler, writers for the stage,
 When they the passions would engage,
 Announce with previous art
 Some fav'rite part,
 Who when he comes is better able
 To make a figure in the fable.

Now, if this hint should not explain
 Our proem to thy torpid brain,
 Stop where you are—my friend adieu—
 The story was not made for you.
 Yet as some wiser folks may say
 The prologue's longer than the play,

'Tis time to check the rambling Muse,
Who thus her idle tale pursues.—

FRANK HAYMAN, tempted by a pleasant day,
After a long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieg'd him, sallied out,
To breathe fresh air, and while an hour away.

It chanc'd as he was strolling, void of care,
A drunken porter pass'd him with a hare.

The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zig-zag style,
Making the most of ev'ry mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog, who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the look-out was lurking close behind,
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At any thing that fell.

The porter stagger'd on, the dog kept near,
Watching the lucky minute for a bite.
Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
While HAYMAN follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.

Great was the contrast 'twixt the man and dog,
The one a negligent and stupid lout,
That seem'd to know not what he was about,
The other keen, observant, all agog.

Nor need it wonderment excite, I ween,
That HAYMAN clos'd the train to mark the scene.

Through many a street our tipsy porter reels,
Then stops—as if to solemn thought inclin'd—
The watchful dog was ready at his heels,
And HAYMAN hobbled on, not far behind.

Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
One of those happy mansions, where
A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
To all the thirsty sons of care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
The scent that greets him at the door,
Arrest at once his rambling pace—
As they had often done before.

Mine host, with accents that were wond'rous kind,
Invites him in, a jolly crew to join,
The man the gen'rous courtesy declin'd,
Merely perhaps for want of thirst or—coin.

Straight on a bench he stretch'd along,
Regardless of the passing throng,
While Somnus soothes him to repose,
And soon his weary eye-lids close.

The hare now prostrate at his back,
This was the time to get a snack.

The dog, unable longer to refrain,
Gaz'd at the hare
Which caus'd his care,
Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit and bit
again.

At length, when he had clear'd away the rest,
The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.

Then having made a hearty meal,
He careless turn'd upon his heel,
Nor thought of asking what's to pay,
But scamper'd at his ease away,
Perhaps to find some four-foot fair,
And tell the story of the hare.

And here some sage, with moral spleen, may say,
“ This HAYMAN should have driv'n the dog away,
Th' effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
And folks who are not drunkards lose their hare.”

All this, we grant, is very true,—
But in this giddy world how few
To virtue's heights sublimely move,
Relinquishing the things they love.

Not so unfashionably good,
Our waggish painter laughing stood,
In hopes more sport to find;
Dispos'd to keep in view his game,
And, with th' ambitious Thane, exclaim,
“ The greatest is behind.”

Besides he knew, whate'er the plan
That tempts the fond pursuits of man,
Though pleasure may the course attend,
The wise are heedful of the end.

Hence, though of mirth a lucky store,
So aptly tumbled in his way,
Yet still he linger'd after more,
And thus he said, or seem'd to say :

“ How will the people fret and scold
 When they the bony wreck behold !
 And how the drunken rogue will stare
 When first he sees what was the hare !
 The *denouement* must needs be droll,
 ’Twere folly not to see the whole.”

Presuming thus on future pleasure,
 HAYMAN kept post to wait the sleeper’s leisure.

At length, our porter’s slumber o’er,
 He jogg’d on tott’ring as before,
 Unconscious any body kind
 Had eas’d him in his load behind.
 Now on the houses turn’d his eye,
 As if his journey’s end were nigh,
 Then read a paper in his hand,
 And made a stand—

HAYMAN drew near, with eager mien,
 To mark the closing of the scene,
 Expecting straight a furious din,
 His features ready for a grin.

And now we need but mention one thing more,
 To shew how well he must have lik’d the whim,
 Though drunk, our porter hit at last the door,
 And HAYMAN found the hare was sent to him.

MORAL.

A wise old proverb says, “ to others do,
 E’en as you would those others should to you.”—
 Now had our painter mark’d this rule with care,
 He, not the dog, had din’d upon the hare.

PARSONS THE ACTOR AND THE LION.

A TRUE STORY.

INTRODUCTION.

WITH beauty, force, and truth the plaintive Muse*
 Has shewn an actor's transitory pow'r,
 Who animates the bard's sublimest views,
 Yet pleases only through his life's short hour!

If Poesy could scenic art display,
 And fix its transient beauties on her page,
 In the fond record of that Muse's lay,
 GARRICK would charm in ev'ry future age.

But all description of his skill is vain,
 As 'twere to grasp the variegated bow,
 And Genius that gave force to SHAKSPEARE's strain,
 Could leave no model of its pow'r below.

GARRICK, indeed, pre-eminent in all,
 Reflected man in ev'ry form and state,
 Yet mem'ry, with a sigh shall oft recal
 The pow'rs of him whose tale we now relate.

And could we boast of his expressive skill,
 His force, his spirit, and his vivid mien,
 Terrific sympathy each heart would chill,
 And all would feel as if they saw the scene.

* Vide SHERIDAN's Monody on GARRICK.

THE STORY.

PARSONS, so long on London's comic stage,
 Rank'd with the foremost actors of his age,
 For humour bold, original and true,
 In early days was toss'd about by Fate
 Through ev'ry change of that precarious state
 Which marks the fortune of a strolling crew.

With such a troop he quarter'd once at Lynn,
 The town was full of bustle, spirit, din,
 And many an object to surprise and scare :
 Among the rest, to aid the mingled roar,
 Bears, tigers, lions, a tremendous store,
 With all the wonders of a country fair.

Beds were so scarce, 'mid such a num'rous heap,
 That PARSONS, with a friend, was forc'd to sleep
 At the same inn where stood the mimic stage ;
 The savage breed were in the space below,
 All rang'd in order for the morning show,
 And howling serenades from cage to cage.

Wearied at last by all this hideous sound,
 Our friends had sunk into a sleep profound,
 When just at one o'clock, portentous hour !
 PARSONS was gently pull'd, and with a groan,
 His friend inform'd him, in a whisp'ring tone,
 To save their lives was not in Fortune's pow'r.

At first he thought some danger might be near,
 But soon accus'd his trembling friend of fear,
 The wild illusion of a slumb'ring brain ;

“ For heaven’s sake hush,” with moans the other said,
 “ A lion’s at the bottom of the bed,
 My foot this moment touch’d his shaggy mane.”

PARSONS assail’d this panic with a jest
 But all his sportive sallies more distrest
 His wretched friend, who answer’d with a sigh,
 “ ’Tis not a phantom conjur’d up by fear,
 Alas ! I’m certain there’s a lion here—

But if you’re mad, put down your foot, and try.”
 Still PARSONS thought ’twas mere fantastic dread
 That thus disturb’d his dreaming partner’s head,
 Though the poor man seem’d tortur’d on the rack;
 Resolv’d, howe’er the point to ascertain,
 He stretch’d his leg to find the shaggy mane,
 But straight in silent horror drew it back.

Too well assur’d his friend was in the right,
 He felt the danger now with equal fright,
 And both, indeed, were sunk in deep dismay—
 Afraid to stay, yet more afraid to go,
 Lest motion should but rouse the sleeping foe,
 And morn soon light him to his helpless prey.

Some hours they pass’d in this disast’rous state,
 Dumb, almost breathless, brooding o’er their fate—
 Their fears increas’d each time they heard the clock,
 Lest it should break the monster’s dread repose,
 When, as new terrors with the day arose,
 The door alarm’d them with a sudden knock.

As if a peal of thunder shook the room,
 The sound appear’d the signal of their doom,
 Nor dar’d they raise their heads to eye the door—

The beast seem'd moving, as if just awake,
 And with redoubled horror made them quake,
 When hark ! a knock much louder than before.

While lost in wild suspense, a heavier knock
 Sent to their palpitating hearts a shock,
 And seem'd the crisis of their fate to bring ;
 Again they thought the beast began to stir,
 And drew more distant from his dreadful fur,
 Expecting ev'ry moment he would spring.

The door was open'd, and with eager stare,
 A waiter now approach'd the shudd'ring pair,
 And ask'd them why in horrors thus they lay—
 With broken whispers they reveal'd the case,
 He started as if Death were in the place,
 And straight on tip-toe stole in haste away.—

The news like lightning o'er the mansion spread,
 And though it struck the stoutest there with dread,
 At once they all in search of weapons flew ;
 Together to the chamber then they bend,
 To save poor PARSONS and his wretched friend,
 Firmly resolv'd the monster to subdue.

But when they saw the door, the hostile band,
 Aw'd by the danger, made a solemn stand—

While thus they paus'd—with apprehension pale—
 A serjeant bold, who sent the waiter there,
 Now seiz'd the direful cause of all their care—
 A hairy knapsack—and so ends the tale.

OTHELLO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

OTHELLO was a black,
 Renown'd for martial slaughter,
 And by heroic clack
 He won BRABANTIO's daughter.

A senator was he,
 When Venice erst was fam'd—
 A lovely maid was she,
 And DESDEMONA nam'd.

The senate then was sitting,
 Debating with decorum,
 BRABANTIO thought 'twas fitting,
 To bring the Black before 'em.

For lo! enrag'd with pride,
 The Sire was much offended,
 OTHELLO speechified,
 And so the matter ended.

The senate then decreed,
 OTHELLO that same night,
 To Cyprus' Isle should speed,
 With Ottomans to fight.

Averse alone to lie,
 His Dame with fondness stor'd,
 To Cyprus too would hie,
 To join her sable lord.

When met O'THELLO swore,
 So much our passions sway us,
 When he lov'd her no more,
 Again there would be chaos.

A wretch, IAGO hight,
 With ev'ry hellish trick,
 In guilt took such delight,
 He seem'd to be Old Nick.

There was a silly chap,
 His name was RODERIGO ;
 IAGO laid a trap,
 And in it soon did he go ;

He sold his house and land,
 And follow'd like a lackey,
 For he could not withstand
 The pretty wife of Blacky.

His purse IAGO drain'd,
 Took costly gems to boot,
 Swore Blacky's wife had gain'd
 The whole to grant his suit.

And hence the loving lout,
 To Cyprus led from Venice,
 IAGO dash'd about
 Just like a ball at tennis.

One CASSIO was a man
 To make the ladies false,
 By picking up a fan,
 Or joining in a waltz.

IAGO form'd a plot,
 Of him a little jealous,
 To make him prove a sot,
 So drew him to an alehouse.

Then fill'd him many a glass,
 From wine though CASSIO shrunk,
 Till so it came to pass
 That he was very drunk.

To shew he was not quite
 Of reason then bereft,
 He said his left was right,
 His right arm was his left.

A quarrel then arose
 'Twixt CASSIO and MONTANO,
 And soon they went to blows,
 With accents not piano.

The bell alarm'd the town,
 When all in sleep was still,
 And brought OTHELLO down
 In bed-room deshabelle.

He bade IAGO tell
 The cause of this foul rout,
 Who told the tale so well
 That CASSIO was turn'd out.

IAGO, cunning elf,
 Bewail'd his hapless case,
 Yet soon contriv'd himself
 To get in CASSIO's place.

But favours could not bind
 This most flagitious fellow,
 Besides the rogue design'd
 To tempt Madame OTHELLO.
 For long he thought the Black
 With horns had deck'd his brows,
 And felt as on the rack
 Till he had spouse for spouse.
 A handkerchief most rare
 Black gave his nuptial sleeper,
 To guard with anxious care,
 E'en as her precious peeper *.
 It was his mam's, he said,
 Who just before she died,
 Enjoin'd him should he wed,
 To give it to his bride.
 The work he said was made
 By fortune-telling gipsy,
 With Magic's potent aid,
 When she was wild and tipsy.
 In Mummy it was dy'd,
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts,
 And therefore well supplied
 With soft and yielding parts.
 He spoke in awful terms,
 And said the silk was spun
 By none but hallow'd worms,
 As sure as is a gun.

* "Make it a darling, like your precious eye."—OTHELLO.

But, what was somewhat strange,
 He bade her always wear it,
 As if, without a change,
 She ne'er could dirt or tear it.

He swore if giv'n away
 Her bed he should forsake,
 And to bad women stray,
 Like any other rake.

This napkin * so much cried,
 With strawberries was spotted,
 Poor *DESDEMONA* sigh'd
 'Twas e'er to her allotted :

For ah ! upon the ground,
 She dropp'd this handkerchief,
 'Twas by *EMILIA* found,
 Who seiz'd it like a thief.

She was *IAGO*'s wife,
 He us'd her like a Turk,
 And she, to soften strife,
 Gave him the mystic work.

What did this wicked wight,
 Who, troth, would any sin do ?
 Seek *CASSIO*'s house at night
 And threw it in his window :

* “ Your napkin is too little.”—*OTHELLO*.

“ In the north of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used.”—*MALONE*.

Then made OTHELLO rave,
 To jealousy not loth,
 To think his spousy gave
 To CASSIO that dread cloth.

This shocking lie, alack !
 Soon rais'd a direful pother,
 And made the furious Black
 Resolve his wife to smother.

A candle in his hand,
 He sought her while in bed,
 But first he made a stand,
 And to the candle said :

“ If I put out thy light,
 Thou friendly tallow taper,
 I still can make thee bright,
 By brimstone-match or paper ;

But if by drug or knife,
 Or smoth'ring I'm unmated,
 I can't revive thee, wife,
 When thou art suffocated.”

He then arraign'd the dame
 Of crimes which she denied,
 And quench'd her vital flame,
 Because he thought she lied.

But when the whole was found
 IAGO's wicked fibs,
 OTHELLO made a bound,
 And stabb'd him in the ribs.

Thus hearing that his chuck *
 From guilt was really free,
 In grief his heart he stuck,
 And died *felo de se*.

MORAL.

Then hence each spinster fair,
 That you may live allegro,
 Of handkerchiefs take care,
 If e'er you wed a Negro.

THE SQUAB-PIE.

A DEVONSHIRE TALE.

THAT in this world our wishes oft are crost,
 That some to-day have won and others lost,
 As if stern Fate was in a sportive mood,
 I'll tell a tale that Doctor WOLCOT told,
 The fact, he said, was known to young and old,
 Would I could tell it in a style so good.

Another kindred adage too is rife,
 And oft illustrated in motley life,
 As "loss to one is to another gain."
 With other ancient saws we daily meet,
 Proverbial wisdom, heard in ev'ry street,
 As now the story fully shall explain.

* "What promise, chuck?"—OTHELLO.

A ship one Sunday lay in Plymouth sound,
 But whence the vessel came or whither bound,
 Is not of much importance to the tale,
 The captain rose abruptly, storm'd and swore,
 Because fresh meat he order'd not from shore,
 And so must dine on dry salt-meat and kail.

Now be it known, and to their credit known,
 That Plymouth folks are to devotion prone,
 And Sundays ne'er profane with cooking jobs ;
 Therefore, to leave old SATAN in the lurch,
 They send their servants duly all to church,
 And pies are for the dinners bak'd, called squabs.

A Negro boy belonging to the ship,
 As he through Plymouth made a morning trip,
 Had linger'd at a baker's savory shop ;
 And as the maids their dishes took away,
 He thought they bought each pie, and that the pay
 Was the mere penny that he saw them drop.

Hearing the captain with an oath bewail
 That he must dine on dry salt-beef and kail,
 The boy address'd him—"Cappin give me penny,
 I go into de town, and dere a pie,
 I, massa, for de little penny buy,
 Vil give us all a dinner good as any."

The captain, 'mid his hunger could but laugh,
 To think the Negro-boy was such a calf,
 As to suppose he really could supply,
 From Plymouth town, a pie at such a price
 As would himself and mess at once suffice ;
 Yet deem'd a penny no great sum to try.

Getting the money, off the Negro went,
 Nimble in feet, and in his heart content,
 Trusting that he of pie should have his share :
 At once he rush'd into the baker's shop,
 Intent his penny for a pie to swop,
 Resolv'd to seize upon the largest there.

Close to the counter stood the baker's dame,
 To deal the dishes, as the servants came,
 And to receive the tributary coin,
 Thinking the Negro-boy for one had come,
 She bade him pay the stipulated sum,
 And "tell me cheeld" said she, "which pie is thine."

The boy then cast around his eager eyes,
 And viewing one of a prodigious size,
 "Dis be my pie", he cried, and paid the rate.
 The woman plac'd the dish upon his head,
 And to the vessel instantly he sped,
 Though scarcely able to sustain the weight.

The captain and the crew were much too gay
 To shew due rev'rence to the solemn day,
 While feasting on the dish, so large and nice ;
 Each for his portion had an ample share,
 And own'd a penny they would freely spare,
 To purchase such a pie at such a price.

The family who thus had lost their pie
 Employ'd the bell-man, o'er the town to try
 If he could trace the thief, by chance or guess ;
 The weary bell-man travers'd every street,
 But no informer 'twas his luck to meet,
 For none had seen it taken to the mess.

Yet had the losers no great cause to pout,
 Since the stol'n pie had made them more devout,
 Still more observant of the sabbath day ;
 For, having in the house no other fare,
 They learnt the wholesome lesson when to spare,
 And all were taught to *fast* as well as *pray*.

MORAL.

Now ye who fain would keep the sabbath pure,
 And deem it criminal to cook within,
 A Sunday-fast with pious zeal endure,
 Nor let poor bakers suffer for your sin.

 PLUTUS, FORTUNE, AND CARTER.

A TALE

IN IMITATION OF THE LOTTERY ADVERTISEMENTS.

SAID PLUTUS to FORTUNE, “ dear girl, let us go,
 And take a sly peep at the mortals below,
 To tell you the truth, in my head I've a plan
 My favour to shew to some very good man.
 I know that to earth you've been tempted to stray,
 And I safely can trust you to lead me the way :
 But I own, Madam FORTUNE, I ne'er could learn why
 So long you deserted your friends in the sky.
 Perchance with old NEPTUNE to toy for awhile,
 For 'tis known that you went to his favorite isle ;
 Or to laugh at its people, so often at odds,
 Though in freedom and happiness scarce less than
 gods.

But for fear of exciting alarm and surprise
 We'll descend to the globe in some humble disguise."
 "Dear PLUTUS", said FORTUNE, "at once you shall
 know

The reason that made me so long stay below.
 On the very same plan as your own I went down
 To seek such a mortal in London's vast town,
 And may venture to say when his merits you scan,
 For your purpose you'll find honest CARTER's your
 man."

Then spreading their wings they soon made their de-
 scent,

And, appearing mere mortals, to CARTER they went,
 He greeted the Fair with a dutiful bend
 For he saw in a moment 'twas FORTUNE, his friend,
 Who directed his tickets full many a year,
 And enabled him thousands in Britain to cheer.
 He told them he hop'd they would fix their home
 there

And freely partake of his house and his fare.
 PLUTUS lik'd the first floor, but the damsel was shy,
 And of scandal afraid, took her station on high.
 At length finding CARTER was honest and kind,
 PLUTUS saw he had met with a man to his mind;
 Then offer'd to manage his lott'ry affairs,
 And FORTUNE to ease him of family cares.
 'Tis needless to say CARTER gave his consent;
 In a moment with zeal to their stations they went;
 And now, thrown aside all celestial parade,
 The god is his clerk, and the goddess his maid.

CONNUBIAL CONSTANCY.

CHOANG and HANSI, all declare,
 In China were a peerless pair ;
 Between the husband and the wife
 There ne'er was known a moment's strife,
 If walking out, whate'er the weather,
 The loving pair were found together,
 And when at home nought came amiss—
 They seem'd as they were born to kiss.
 The wife affirm'd, if spouse should die,
 She in his grave next day would lie.
 CHOANG believ'd the tender dame,
 And swore 'twould be with him the same.
 It happen'd that he went to roam,
 One day when HANSI stay'd at home,
 No doubt on some domestic care,
 For 'twas an instance wond'rous rare.
 As saunt'ring on, with mind sedate,
 Counting the virtues of his mate,
 At length a lady struck his sight,
 In widow's mournful weeds bedight,
 Intent she wav'd a spacious fan
 O'er clay that cover'd a dead man.
 CHOANG approach'd the weeping fair,
 And ask'd the cause that mov'd her care ;
 Observing she must feel relief
 In fanning thus, with duteous grief,

The flies away that hover'd near,
 Lest they profan'd her husband's bier.
 " Ah ! " said the dame, with accents sad,
 " My loss has almost made me mad ;
 Within this grave my husband lies "—
 (And then her bosom throbb'd with sighs) ;
 " 'Tis not to fan away the flies,
 But his injunction to obey,
 That by his body thus I stay—
 He charg'd me not to wear again,
 Dear, tender, man ! the nuptial chain,
 Till that the hallow'd earth be dry
 Where now his sainted ashes lie.
 Hence two whole days I here have spent,
 To gratify his will intent ;
 And, if the clay's not dry before,
 I'll stay to fan it two days more."
 CHOANG, perplex'd, resum'd his way,
 While fears within his bosom prey,
 Lest HANSI thus might wish to wed,
 When he was number'd with the dead ;
 Perchance the same expedient try,
 The earth upon his corpse to dry.
 He told his wife when home he came,
 The story of the widow'd dame,
 Hinting that if the will of Fate
 Should first conclude his mortal date,
 She might be found a fan to wave,
 Chacing the moisture from his grave.
 Poor HANSI rav'd like one distraught,
 That he should harbour such a thought ;

Then weeping swore, if he were dead,
 She only with his tomb would wed.
 It chanc'd soon after came a friend,
 An ev'ning with the pair to spend,
 They supp'd, they chatted, fill'd their glasses,
 And time in festive humour passes,
 When, horror to the loving fair,
 CHOANG fell breathless in his chair !
 The lady, as in duty bound,
 Scream'd, and then fainted on the ground,
 Nor, till next day, she was so ill,
 Could she look o'er her husband's will.
 The friend who thought 'twas wrong to go,
 And leave poor HANSI lost in woe,
 On the third day us'd words of weight
 To reconcile her to her fate :
 He was a young and handsome man,
 And she to listen soon began,
 In short, before the day was o'er,
 HANSI resolv'd to weep no more,
 And then agreed, without delay
 To wed the friend that very day.
 A nuptial feast took place at night,
 The house appeared one blaze of light,
 And CHOANG was forgotten quite.
 His corpse, which in the coffin lay,
 Was mov'd, as lumber in the way,
 To be interr'd some other day.
 But lo ! so frail our mortal state,
 So sudden are the strokes of Fate,
 A chillness o'er the bridegroom came,
 As if that Death had seiz'd his frame.

Doctors were sent for in a trice,
 The lady offer'd any price
 To him who sav'd her husband's life,
 For else would die his loving wife.
 The doctors weigh'd the matter well—
 A remedy 'twas hard to tell—
 At length they said a dead man's heart
 Might, plac'd upon the breast, impart
 New vigour to the vital tide—
 This heard, away then ran the bride,
 And with a mattock in her hand,
 She at the coffin made a stand,
 On which she gave so stout a knock
 The lid came off—but what a shock !
 She saw CHOANG his head advance,
 For he was only in a trance,
 He star'd with such a frightful mien,
 HANSI in horror fled the scene.
 He rose, and straight enquiry made,
 About this splendour and parade,
 And having learn'd the cause of all,
 Sent for his wife, to vent his gall.
 The servants quickly found the dame
 Had kill'd herself, from grief and shame.
 CHOANG, with philosophic ease,
 Resign'd himself to Fate's decrees,
 Had HANSI in the coffin laid,
 And more secure the lid was made ;
 Then reas'ning like a man of sense,
 Thought 'twas a pity such expense,
 Such rich attire, and sumptuous fare,
 Should idly waste with none to share,

So that same night he briskly ran
To wed the lady with the fan.

DOCTOR TOPPING.

AN IMITATION.

I wish, like PRIOR, I could tell a tale;

PRIOR, with humour fraught, though sometimes free,
But though, indeed, in morals he may fail,
A wit among the first of wits was he.

Or could I follow WOLCOT's sportive track,
Who took the Theban poet's lofty name,
He to tell stories had a happy knack,
And, in my mind, had better right to fame.

For PINDAR, though of HIERO he brags,
And sung of water as the best of things,
Extols his power to tame Sicilian nags,
Yet tells us little worthy lofty kings.

Other Sicilian chiefs his vaunted strains,
As demigods, or godlike heroes, grace,
Because they triumph'd on Olympic plains,
Not winning there a battle—but a race.

The Grecian Poet sung besides of gold,
Proclaiming that of Fortune's gifts supreme,
But little needs its potency to be told,
Since always found man's most persuasive theme.

The modern PINDAR did not water praise,
But struck his lyre in praise of gen'rous wine,
And as for kings, they shine not in his lays,
Nor did he much revere their right divine.

Of gold, indeed, the value well he knew,
 'Twas that inspir'd his Muse's daring aim,
 For when the Poet on the public drew,
 He wrote as much for profit as for fame.

But now, my roving Muse 'tis really time
 The tale friend NORTHCOTE told me to disclose,
 Happy were I if I could tell in rhyme
 What I have heard him tell so well in prose.

For NORTHCOTE is not to his art confin'd,
 Though there he justly holds a lofty name,
 He well may boast a large well-furnish'd mind,
 And eke the praise of taste and humour claim.

But NORTHCOTE justly might lay claim to more,
 And for his moral worth should be in vogue,
 For friendship he enjoys with mild PRINCE HOARE*,
 And HOARE's too good and wise to like a rogue.

A Prince, indeed, in nature as in name,
 Whose bounteous heart still prompts his active
 hand ;

Parts, learning, virtue, are his rightful claim,
 By none excell'd who now adorn the land.

Should he, like CANNING, bulwark of the state,
 The lofty paths of politics explore,
 Th' admiring world might him as highly rate,—
 For poet, sage, and patriot too is HOARE.

The Muse for CANNING well her zeal may shew,
 Though to record his merits all unfit,
 But grateful Britons, who those merits know,
 Own him the lineal heir to honour'd PITT.

* PRINCE HOARE, Esq. R.A.

Muse, heedless Muse, again thou'rt gone astray,
 Forgetting quite the story to relate,
 Come—to the subject now direct the lay,
 And put a period to thy rambling prate.
 Well then I'll now the story tell
 And to digression bid farewell.—

THE TALE.

A man was seated in the play-house pit,
 Whether at Covent House or at the Lane
 Hight Drury, matters not a whit;
 And if it did, the Muse could not explain.

Well, he was seated snugly and at ease,
 All things he saw around him seem'd to please.
 The man was little, and bedight in black;
 Much he inclin'd to have a little clack;
 A curate he appear'd or parish clerk,
 But here the Muse is also in the dark.
 While with his nearest neighbour brisk in chat
 On actors, music, farces, and all that,
 He suddenly stood gaping with surprise,
 For lo! a person, with importance big,
 Drest too in black and with a bushy wig,
 Enter'd the boxes with a lofty air:—
 The little man began at him to stare,
 And could not take away his wond'ring eyes.
 At length he rais'd himself upon the seat,
 And the great man above him strove to greet.
 With many a smile, and wink and nod,
 He tried to catch his notice, but 'twas odd,
 He tried in vain
 No notice could he gain

It seem'd indeed the more he tried
 The more that other kept his head aside.
 Finding his efforts all in vain,
 The little man thought proper to explain
 To his next neighbour why so much he strove
 To catch the notice of the man above ;
 Observing " if he saw me I don't fear
 That he'd be glad to see me here."
 Then he again was on the watch,
 In anxious hope a glance to catch,
 Kissing his hand, while many a bow he made,
 But still in vain essay'd.
 Again, amidst his care and labour,
 He thus address'd his nearest neighbour ;
 " Sir, that's the Rector of a well-known place
 Distinguish'd for his opulence and grace,
 And therefore always my respect must claim,"
 Concluding " Dr. TOPPING is his name."
 His neighbour, urg'd on courtesy's kind plan,
 Willing to gratify the little man,
 Gave to the next a gentle shove,
 Told him 'twas Dr. TOPPING sat above,
 And that the little person who was nigh,
 Had tried in vain to catch the Doctor's eye ;
 Desiring, to promote his neighbour's aim,
 That he would onward pass the Doctor's name,
 Which as it went along more near and near,
 At length must reach the Doctor's ear.
 Loud and more loud went on the Doctor's name,
 At length in thunder on his ears it came.
 The upper gall'ry caught the spreading sound,
 And " Dr. TOPPING" echo'd all around,

Mingled with hisses, groanings, "turn him out,"
 Though none among them knew what caus'd the rout.
 A name's enough to rouse a giddy crowd,
 Who "TOPPING, NOSEY, TOPPING," roar'd aloud.
 Some chang'd the accent, then was heard to ring
 "TOPPING and NOSEY," "NOSEY and TOPPING."
 In short it seem'd that many a gang from Wapping
 With Stentor's lungs were bawling "Dr. TOPPING."
 The Doctor still affected not to hear
 The sounds tremendous that assail'd his ear,
 While the poor man that sent abroad the name
 Cover'd his face, and downward shrunk with shame.
 Then he who nearest to the Doctor sat,
 Jump'd on the bench, and giving him a pat,
 While, with a voice enough to wake the dead,
 He thus in anger to the Doctor said:
 "Doctor TOPPING, 'tis full time to know
 A friend of yours is sitting near below,
 Then turn your head, and condescend
 To own at once your little friend,
 For now all round their ears are stopping,
 So end this tumult, Dr. TOPPING."
 Then with an added fury came the roar;—
 The tortur'd Doctor hurried to the door,
 While from his seat as he was rushing out,
 "TOPPING" resounded with a farewell shout,
 And as new men into the box were popping,
 Appall'd they heard the shouts of "Dr. TOPPING."

MORAL.

Now of these parties which was most to blame,
 The little man who spread the Doctor's name,

Or the stiff Doctor who refus'd to bend
 And kindly recognize his country friend?
 'Twas pride in both, and whatsoe'er its state
 Pride will be mortified or soon or late.

THE ECLIPSE.

OCCASIONED BY A REPORT THAT THE DUCHESS OF
 DEVONSHIRE HAD LOST AN EYE.

WHEN first was rumour'd in the sky
 The fate of beauteous DEVON's eye,
 The Cyprian Queen to PHÆBUS turn'd,
 While anger in her bosom burn'd,
 And thus exclaim'd the heavenly dame:—
 “ Dear Brother, thou must bear the blame
 With those who plung'd, alas! in night,
 The radiant orb of living light,
 That lent an all-commanding grace
 To lovely DEVON's peerless face:
 For lo! the men who did the deed
 A privilege from mansions plead
 Where thou art own'd the patron god—
 A plea for folly somewhat odd;
 If folly, and not envious spite,
 Extinguish'd the transcendant light.

“ No wonder I should grieve and storm,
 That aught should mar so fair a form,
 Since lovely DEVON was, you know,
 My representative below,

That mortals and that gods might prove
The boundless sov'reignty of love.

“ Nor yet to kindle love alone,
Th' illustrious sun of beauty shone ;
Oft would its active beams dispense
The fervours of benevolence,
Or, gently glist'ning through a tear,
The drooping train of sorrow cheer.

“ Why didst thou not the Dame persuade,
At once to fly to those for aid,
(And Fame declares that such there are,)
Who make the Eye their only care ;
For such, perchance, had soon restor'd
The radiance that the world ador'd.

“ But say, what pains wilt thou decree
To those who injur'd her and me,
Who, rebels to my earthly sway,
Eclips'd the orb that rivall'd day ?”

“ Sister,” said PHŒBUS, with a sigh,
“ None grieve for DEVON more than I,
And if her beauty propt thy shrine,
That beauty did no less for mine ;
For suppliant thousands sought my fane,
To greet her in poetic strain :
And who shall now the world inspire,
To spread the triumph of the lyre ?

“ Yes, Sister, had the luckless Dame
Applied to those who boast the fame
Of long hereditary skill
To mitigate each visual ill,

Combin'd with all that Time has taught,
 And all mature Experience bought,
 She might have 'scap'd the dire event
 That now so deeply we lament :
 Still had she held in rosy band,
 The subject world at thy command ;
 Still had she fir'd the mortal throng,
 To bend before the god of song.

“ Yet we must not the Dame upbraid—
 She knew not where to seek for aid ;
 But they our censure should endure,
 Who slumber in a nook obscure.
 Think they, in spite of common proof,
 The Great will hunt so far aloof,
 Who well may fancy, Skill would find
 A residence of higher kind.

“ Let them with confidence repair
 To precincts fann'd by courtly air ;
 Let them their torpid pow'rs exert
 And vindicate their own desert,
 Then Fashion will success ordain
 That modest Worth can rarely gain.

“ What is the gem, if yet it dwell
 Deep buried in its craggy cell ?
 Or what my flaming ball below,
 That spreads o'er earth a genial glow,
 If it in wintry clouds retire
 When Nature asks the vital fire ?

“ Behold of men that careless race
 Who my inspiring ardors grace—

Devoted to the fav'ring Muse,
 With her secluded haunts they choose,
 Above the crowd's ignoble aim,
 Scarce heeding e'en the voice of Fame.
 'Till, lost in Fancy's rapt'rous dream,
 By tuneful grove, and lucid stream,
 While basking in the summer ray,
 Their noon of life has pass'd away ;
 And, ah ! unstor'd for its decline,
 Beneath Neglect's cold shade they pine ;
 At length, no friendly hand to save,
 They sadly shelter in the grave.

“ Such is the fate of those below,
 Th' example is too rife we know,
 Who indolently choose to stray,
 When Fortune points the golden way,
 Yet fondly hope a goddess blind
 Will their obscure recesses find.

“ But now to DEVON to return,
 Whose fatal loss we long shall mourn ;
 As to the Sages, who in vain
 Essay'd to light the orb again :
 Treat not their failure with such ire—
 A thousand causes may conspire,
 When Skill and Care do all they can,
 To crush the fairest hopes of man.
 Possess'd they are of sense and knowledge,
 And sanction'd by the Hall and College,
 Who look for patronage to me
 As the presiding Deity.

Though able in their gen'ral art
 Haply unpractis'd in a part,
 That nicer part, the wondrous ball,
 Of human pow'rs transcending all,
 Which outward scenes with ease can find,
 And fix their semblance in the mind.

“ No, Sister, I with truth protest,
 Each man among them did his best,
 Not one is either knave or fool,
 They went exact by written rule ;
 Hence I must nothing do to smart 'em—
 The eye was lost secundum artem.”

PETER PINDAR'S RETURN FROM JAMAICA.

AN IMITATION.

MANKIND, of whatsoe'er condition,
 Were always prone to superstition.
 The world has found it so,
 In high and low,
 Long ago.
 Some, but the observation's trite,
 Spilling of salt will much affright,
 Others, as silly, if not madder,
 Think 'tis ill luck to walk beneath a ladder.
 Some housewives fear a dreadful loss
 If knives by chance are laid across,

Nay dreams, with all their wild vagaries,
 Some deem sad omens of a future ill,
 While others fancy they predict contraries,
 And promise Poverty its pouch to fill.
 Some with prophetic eyes can see,
 In grounds of coffee and of tea,
 Events that time shall bring ;
 A stranger coming, or a letter,
 A prison, or a wedding fetter,
 Or some less fatal thing.
 This common adage seldom fails,
 " On Sunday 'tis ill-luck to cut your nails,"
 And other evils to unravel,
 Think that on Friday 'tis ill-luck to travel.
 If noisy gas escapes from coal,
 The whizzing will o'erwhelm the soul,
 Alarm'd, lest the portentous fire
 Betokens kindred feuds and ire.
 Some say that travellers are known afar
 By sparks that run along the grate's dark bar ;
 But here the best authorities divide,
 For others say that they are only seen
 In airy shape and mien
 In black flags flick'ring on its nether side.
 A thousand more such silly freaks prevail,
 As I shall soon illustrate in a tale.
 Soldiers and sailors these strange whims partake,
 Mere trifles make them either laugh or quake,
 Although so prompt to die for Britain's sake.
 Sailors, I say, are often superstitious,
 Thinking some signs are good and others vicious.

This fact I'll now proceed to shew,
 As told by one whose works most people know,
 Viz. Doctor WOLCOT, alias PETER PINDAR,
 A bard decorum was not apt to hinder ;
 A bard original, with humour strong,
 Who, if he touch'd on subjects or on Kings,
 Or wrote a satire, elegy, or song,
 Was sure to give the world some clever things.
 But let me end this gossip flight,
 And now the tale at once recite.

THE TALE.

WOLCOT returning from the western isle,
 Jamaica hight, where he a double mission
 Held, both as parson and physician,
 Enter'd the ship with a prophetic smile,
 Trusting he soon should smoothly cross the main,
 And see old England once again.
 When he at first the captain saw,
 Beginning with an awkward hum and haw,
 He said, as there no ladies were on board,
 With pride and squeamish delicacy stor'd,
 He hop'd he shaving might delay,
 And give his chin a holiday,
 Fearing that rollings of the wave,
 Might make him oft'ner cut than shave.
 The captain gave a cold consent,
 So WOLCOT then unshaven went.

 Old NEPTUNE, of the poet proud,
 Commanded adverse winds to rage aloud,

And surges spread along the azure brine,
 In courtly homage to the sacred Nine,
 As if he wish'd the poet to detain,
 To pay a tuneful tribute to the main,
 For Nereids to repeat the choral strain.
 Whether the monarch rais'd his awful head
 As the great MANTUAN has sublimely said,
 At Britain's bard to take a parting peep,
 Ere he resum'd his empire in the deep,
 Is more than WOLCOT mention'd of the story,
 Else he no doubt had boasted of the glory.
 This storm, ordain'd by ocean's trident king,
 To compliment the poet, prov'd a sting
 To the ship's angry crew,
 Who of the lofty poet nothing knew,
 But that he did not daily shave,
 And therefore 'gainst his beard began to rave ;
 For, such their silly prejudice, they swore
 That while his beard unreap'd should grow,
 No favourable breeze would blow,
 To waft them soon to Britain's happy shore.
 Of all these hostile feelings towards the beard,
 Soon as the captain heard,
 The poet he appris'd,
 Vowing such nonsense he despis'd,
 But with all due respect unto the bard,
 He must the notions of his crew regard,
 Desiring PETER any Tar would find,
 To ask about this league 'twixt beard and wind.
 The bard had seen a Cornish man,
 One whom he knew, among the grumbling clan.

So call'd him, and "now JOHN" said he,
 "And, JOHN, be free,
 You know I hate a fawning knave,
 Think you the wind will alter if I shave."
 "Lord," said the man, "canst thee be such a fool
 As not to know it, for a certain rule,
 That all young sailors, when they please,
 By shaving can bring round a breeze—
 When first I went to sea I know
 By shaving I could make winds blow,
 Or smooth the waves at ev'ry stroke—
 Believe me Doctor 'tis no joke.
 But now I've been so long at sea
 The pow'r is gone, but may be found in thee."
 A week had nearly pass'd, and PETER's chin
 Untrimm'd remain'd, at length a furious din
 Hurried the captain to the Doctor's room,
 "Doctor," said he, "I can't subdue
 The folly of my crew,
 Then let me this small favour crave,
 That you at once will shave,
 Or soon you'll share a wat'ry grave,
 As they for vengeance fume."—
 Alarm'd lest they should give their fury scope,
 The Doctor call'd for razors, strop, and soap.
 Alert the captain hasten'd them to gather,
 As lightning quick return'd to beat a lather,
 Again declaring that he held in scorn
 His crew's wild humour, but it must be borne,
 Else sad, indeed, might prove their homeward trip,
 And he from mutiny must save his ship.

The Doctor, who was shrewd, and as suspicious
 As all the crew were superstitious,
 Thought, by the captain's eager zeal
 To beat the lather and make sharp the steel,
 Howe'er he might their prejudice disclaim,
 The crew's and captain's notions were the same.
 When WOLCOT had just made one hairy slice,
 A Sailor bolted forward in a trice,
 And, with an eager look this question gave,
 " Pray, has the gentleman begun to shave?
 For at this very moment I declare
 The wind has shifted and it now is fair."
 Then rush'd the captain's genuine feelings out,
 And straight he utter'd, with a furious shout,
 " If I again a passenger should have
 Who, when I order him, declines to shave,
 And there's no razor near,
 Lest that the wind against us veer,
 At once I'll seize him by the throttle,
 And shave him with a bit of broken bottle."

MORAL.

Now ye who travel o'er life's troubled sea,
 If you would steer from adverse follies free,
 To keep your mortal course exempt from care,
 Suit other people's humours to *a hair*.

 THE ART OF WIT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOME years ago when DEVON's lovely dame
 O'er Fashion's realms maintain'd unrivall'd fame,

A pleasant set to Chatsworth were invited—
 FITZPATRICK, SHERIDAN, and FOX were there,
 And, much for wit renown'd, the lively HARE ;
 With such a group who would not be delighted !

Amid this intellectual ore,
 A doctor was the coarse alloy,
 A pedant, dead to gen'rous joy,
 In modern phrase, a bore.

The doctor, folks remember well,
 Was styl'd " St. Stephen's dinner-bell " ;
 For those too delicate to cough,
 When he began to speak, pair'd off,
 While they who stay'd to wait the close,
 Would through the dull oration doze,
 Although with brawling force he spake,
 That Somnus' self might well awake.

Reader, if thou shouldst ask how such a man
 Contriv'd to climb among this clever clan ?
 The question, faith, might puzzle wiser heads,
 But insects creep, we know, on richest beds.

Well ! we have brought him to mild DEVON's seat,
 'Mid guineas, a mere counterfeit ;
 Mirth flew about in ev'ry wild direction,
 As if the guests grew witty by infection.

The humour spread as fast as fire on thatch,
 But pass'd our doctor—only he,
 Amid this festive fever free,

The comical contagion could not catch.

Though repartees fell fast from all,
 Yet HARE had most kept up the ball,

With jests that fam'd JOE MILLER's far surpass'd;
 Indeed so well he fought the war of joke,
 That e'en the stoutest wish'd to 'scape his stroke;
 And our poor doctor sat with fear aghast.

'Tis true, the doctor had good cause
 To dread a scratch,
 Since few could match
 The force of HARE's satiric claws;
 And though the wit was too refin'd
 To penetrate our doctor's mind;
 He had at least the use of eyes,
 And, therefore, could not but surmise,
 When laughter all the table shook,
 And he attracted ev'ry look,
 That, from the ambuscade of whim,
 Full many a shaft somewhere had struck at him.

Our doctor did not want conceit,
 But yet had sense enough to know
 That HARE was much too strong a foe,
 For him in war of wit to meet;
 He therefore deem'd the doctrine sage and true,
 To coax the enemy we can't subdue.
 The force of flatt'ry he had often tried,
 Flatt'ry the food with which he pamper'd pride;
 Flatt'ry that rais'd him to a patron's eye,
 While modest genius pass'd unheeded by.
 Soon he contriv'd to get the wag apart,
 And straight began to ply the oily art;
 Admir'd the wondrous quickness of his mind,
 That never fail'd some pleasant joke to find.
 Rais'd him o'er ev'ry other guest,
 For shrewd remark or pointed jest,

Said SHERIDAN could boast a knack
 A string of comic scenes to tack,
 But that his characters he stole,
 For WYCHERLEY and CONGREVE gave the whole.
 That in an epilogue or so,
 FITZPATRICK made a *lucky throw* ;
 That FOX could make a studied speech,
 But wit and humour were above his reach :
 In short, that let them do their best,
 HARE singly conquer'd all the rest ;
 Concluding with a sigh forlorn—
 “ The wit as well as poet must be born.”
 Well, thus he tried the force of flattery,
 'Gainst fools, perchance, no useless batt'ry ;
 But HARE was much too wise a chap,
 To fall into so plain a trap,
 Besides, he knew the doctor had run o'er
 Much the same cant to all the rest before ;
 And though it somewhat vex'd his pride,
 Thus to be thought an easy gull,
 By one not quite a SOLOMON in skull,
 He deem'd it best his spleen to hide.
 Vex'd too that Dullness thus should dare,
 Genius in absence to revile,
 He meditates a penal snare,
 But veils it in a courteous smile.
 Then tells our doctor, with a solemn face,
 He quite mistakes the present case ;
 That wit is but a thing of art,
 And that a few short simple rules,
 To jesters always shrewd and smart,
 Would soon convert the merest fools.

At length HARE offer'd to submit
 Th' arcana of the " Art of Wit ",
 Next morn before the festive set
 At breakfast met.

Our doctor, ravish'd with the scheme,
 Already felt his fancy teem,
 And stole in happy mood to bed,
 Phantoms of humour hovering o'er his head.
 Nor was his transient sleep devoid of glee,
 For lo ! he thought the lecture o'er,
 That HARE could teach him nothing more,
 And SHERIDAN, and FOX, and Co.,
 Lay, by his witty prowess, low ;
 Then in his brain first sprung a repartee ;
 The pleasing vision with a laugh he broke,
 But vainly labour'd to recal the joke.

Reader, shouldst ask how we can find
 What pass'd within the doctor's mind,
 Know, poets in the human heart can look,
 As prophets read in Time's unpublish'd book.

When morn aloft her crimson radiance spread—
 Avaunt all metaphoric stuff—
 When there was light enough
 He leapt from bed,
 And hurried forth, alert and gay,
 Presaging all the triumphs of the day.

Long e'er the time he reach'd th' appointed ground,
 Where all was solitude profound :
 No hum of busy servants pleas'd his ear
 With preparation for the morning cheer.

With anxious step he pac'd the floor,
 And wistful oft he ey'd the door,
 In hopes each moment HARE to greet,
 But nothing heard, alas ! save echoes of his feet.

He walk'd and look'd, and walk'd again,
 Till SOL meridian splendours pour'd amain—
 But, not poor common sense to shock,
 He look'd and walk'd till twelve o'clock.

And now he heav'd a doleful sigh,
 For not a soul, alas ! seem'd nigh :
 At length, his patience wearied out,
 With anger stout,
 While dismal bodings in his bosom swell,
 He pull'd the bell.

The servants, by the by,
 Not always slow a trick to find,
 Knew there was something in the wind,
 And watch'd our hero from a covert sly.

Stifling a laugh, a man appears,
 And on the doctor archly leers—

Our hero, with impatient air,
 Seems to enquire why breakfast was delay'd ;
 But soon his secret fears betray'd,

Asking, with falt'ring tone for “ Mr. HARE.”
 He heard, ah ! tidings full of woe,
 That breakfast had been over long ago ;

That HARE had said the doctor was not well,
 And, like a friend who held him dear,
 Desir'd that none would venture near,
 But let him slumber till they heard his bell.

He heard beside,
 That HARE was gone to take his morning ride,
 And by his merry cue,
 No doubt had some good sport in view.
 The doctor now, with aching heart, began
 To find the drift of HARE's facetious plan.
 But this, alas ! was not the worst,
 Lo, SHERIDAN came saunt'ring first ;
 Greeting our hero straight, in laughing vein,
 He thus pour'd forth the manageric strain ;
 " Well, doctor, you've rehears'd the part,
 And now you have it all by heart ;
 Come, bid at once the curtain rise,
 And with your jokes the house surprise.
 That you're a wit we soon shall know,
 As far as rules can make you so ;
 And we expect to see you here
 In your new character appear.
 Then give us straight some pleasant thing,
 Such as would make Old Drury ring,
 And tempt, while pit and gall'ries roar,
 E'en placid boxes to exclaim " encore."
 Teach me at once to fill the scene
 With humour strong and satire keen ;
 And if from what you deign to say,
 I frame a comedy the crowd to hit,
 A benefit shall recompence thy wit—
 Nay, stare not, for I mean to pay."
 FITZPATRICK next advanc'd with easy air,
 " My hero, come, the war of wit declare ;
 Thy musquetry of merriment display,

When thou thy batt'ry of *bon mots* shalt fire,
 Poor SHERIDAN and FOX will both retire,
 For wit of thine must drive them soon away.
 Behold at once I sue for quarter,
 An unresisting victim scorn to slaughter,
 Let me, weak TEUCER, shelter in thy might,
 For thou'rt an AJAX, in a witty fight.
 HARE dares not venture in the field,
 And to thy pond'rous weapon all must yield :
 Yes—well we all may be afraid,
 Sure of a heavy cannonade.”
 Now with a kind of smother'd grin,
 CHARLES FOX came puffing in—
 “ Doctor, I hope I'm not too late ;
 Pray, have you open'd yet the droll debate ?
 Some motion quick produce, with humour strong,
 To make the wrong seem right, the right seem wrong ;
 Such as the country members may beguile,
 And gain the gravest statesman with a smile.
 But hold, one point I must maintain,
 In wit no rising *to explain* :
 The mind at once must on the jest decide,
 And on its meaning we must *ne'er divide*.”
 E'en DEVON's gentle duke, who join'd the rest,
 Howe'er averse to wound a guest,
 Could not resist, but courteous thus he spoke :
 “ Dear Sir, I never thought to joke,
 But hope of wit to give a sample,
 If you, Sir, set me an example.”
 Pitying his case, the lovely hostess came,
 And strove to quell our hero's rising flame ;

But, smarting with his ludicrous disgrace,
 Deaf to the melting magic of her tongue,
 And blind to all the wonders of her face
 (Ere in that face, ah ! tidings drear,
 Her eye had lost its bright compeer)—
 His fury nothing could allay ;
 Resolv'd the scene of shame to quit,
 Out he flung,
 Deep curses mutt'ring all the way,
 On HARE, and eke his " Art of Wit."

MORAL.

Hence, they whom sportive chance may raise,
 In awkward state, above their sphere,
 Should strive to please by manly ways,
 And learn, at least, to be sincere.

ELEGIACS AND EPITAPHS.

ELEGIACS AND EPITAPHS.

MONODY

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF SAXE COBOURG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. WILLIAM HAWES, OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WEST-
MINSTER ABBEY, AND HIS MAJESTY'S CHAPELS ROYAL.

AH ! what avails superior state,
The height of grandeur and of pow'r !
Alas ! the sudden stroke of Fate
Can all destroy in one short hour !

CHARLOTTE, of ev'ry grace possest,
A loyal nation's joy and pride,
By Nature and by Fortune blest,
In bloom of youth and beauty died !

She who appear'd a radiant star,
That promis'd long on earth to shine,
To spread her gracious influence far,
And add new splendours to her line !

What then shall sooth the drooping sire !
What mitigate the husband's gloom.
For all their hopes at once expire,
And sink in her untimely tomb !

But thou, pure Spirit, call'd on high
 Thus early by divine decree,
 The loss that wakes a nation's sigh,
 Has prov'd a glorious change to thee :
 For though to reign not destin'd here,
 Yet for ourselves, not thee, we mourn,
 Now rais'd to a celestial sphere,
 And fix'd on an eternal throne !

ON

THE LATE MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

WHAT ! though a rabble rais'd a hideous stave
 When noble STUART sunk into the grave,
 The wise, the just, his memory revere,
 And in due homage drop the patriot tear ;
 These deeply mourn the statesman, firmly true,
 Who kept his country's honour full in view ;
 Who, when sage ministers, abroad, combin'd,
 Prone to delude his shrewd reflecting mind,
 Pierc'd through the mist their policy had spread,
 And o'er them rais'd BRITANNIA'S awful head.

His glad return suspended party-zeal,
 The Senate rising, with a cordial peal,
 Gave welcome to the statesman who had gain'd
 For Britain glory, and her weal maintain'd.

Like to a victor from the martial field,
 Resolv'd to conquer or with life to yield ;
 With manly grace and dignity he came,
 Yet modestly receiv'd the just acclaim :

When public duty call'd, he spurn'd at fear,
And Honour led him through his bright career.

Nature was proud, when she his form design'd,
To frame it fit to hold his noble mind !
And LAWRENCE* shews, with all his vivid grace,
The lofty figure and expressive face.

Such, such was he, the mark of vulgar rage,
Whose worth will shine in History's faithful page.

L I N E S

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MISS DENYS, YOUNGEST
DAUGHTER OF LADY CHARLOTTE AND PETER DENYS, ESQ.
OF THE PAVILION, HANS PLACE.

INSATIATE DEATH, to snatch the young and fair
From the fond bosom of parental care,
Thus dooming those in foreign realms to roam
In search of comfort thou hast reft from home.
That home where Taste had spread its magic spell,
And with Benevolence was proud to dwell,
Where talents always found a fost'ring aid,
From hearts whose gen'rous deeds themselves repaid.

Oh ! may the future tenants of the place
The steps of DENYS and his consort trace,
Then will Benevolence and Taste again
Return delighted to the fair domain ;
Then to its open gates will Want repair,
And Genius find a cordial welcome there.

* Vide the Portrait by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

ON

THE LATE REV. CHARLES SYMMONS, D.D.

SYMMONS, farewell ! in thee is lost a mind,
 High o'er the standard mass of human kind ;
 A mind embellish'd with an ample store,
 Deriv'd from Grecian and from Roman lore.
 Thy noble version of the Mantuan's page
 So brightly glows with emulative rage,
 That British numbers Latian fire display,
 And only with our language will decay.
 The love of freedom warm'd thy patriot soul,
 Anxious to spread the flame from pole to pole ;
 Hence injur'd MILTON rous'd thy fervent pen,
 To vindicate his worth from slavish men,
 Who to despotic pow'r base homage pay,
 And as their sordid int'rest prompts obey.
 SHAKESPEARE'S 'rapt Muse inspir'd thy latest aim,
 O'er widest realms to blazon Albion's fame,
 While the rich ores of thy own native mine
 With fancy, judgment, taste, and feeling shine.
 Nor, while embolden'd by thy public zeal,
 Less was thy praise domestic worth to feel ;
 As husband, father, brother, and as friend,
 All duties to fulfil thy steady end.
 Ah ! justly then thy relatives deplore,
 The centre of their love is now no more !
 But vain this fond attempt thy worth to tell—
 A friend's weak tribute—once again, farewell.

ON THE SAME.

AGAIN, dear SYMMONS, must I waft a sigh
 To the cold bed where thy pale relics lie ;
 Again pay tribute to thy honour'd bier,
 A heart-felt tribute, friendship's votive tear.
 Alas ! what various pow'rs were lately thine !
 Learning's vast stores, touch'd with a flame divine,
 Affection, spreading from thy kindred race
 To all mankind, whate'er their state or place ;
 Then should thy friends below restrain their grief,
 And just reflection yield them sure relief,
 For now releas'd from every human care
 Thy future fate immortal bliss to share.
 Methinks I see thee reach the heav'nly sphere,
 And gain thy due reward for merit here :
 VIRGIL receives thee with a grateful smile,
 As thou hast brought his Muse to Freedom's isle,
 Where thou her various charms so well hast shewn,
 That Britain's language seems, indeed, her own ;
 A task e'en mighty DRYDEN vainly tried,
 Who gave her strength, but not her grace supplied.
 SHAKSPEARE and MILTON jointly next appear,
 To greet thy presence with a welcome cheer,
 And well their mutual homage thou may'st claim,
 As champion of their works and moral fame.
 The Stagyrte seems pleas'd in thee to find
 The poet's fire and critic's skill combin'd.
 At length with bards I see thee take thy place,
 Renown'd on earth for genius, judgment, grace.

A TRIBUTE
TO THE MEMORY OF
THE LATE WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

AT rest is GIFFORD ! from a lowly state
He rose to rank among the truly Great.
His youth in penury and pain was past,
And Fate's dark clouds seem'd menacing to last.
But though he droop'd beneath the weight of care,
He sunk not in the depths of dire despair,
Still 'mid coarse drudgery and tyrant sway
His mind was cheer'd by learning's dawning ray ;
Though worn by toil, sound knowledge he acquir'd,
Yet only to a humble sphere aspir'd.
At length, while bent by sorrow and dismay,
A friend then help'd him on life's weary way ;
When e'en of hope bereft, appear'd that friend,
His spirits rous'd, and bade his prospects mend.
Gain'd him full liberty at will to roam,
And fix'd him soon in Oxford's classic Dome.
A lucky star still shed its fost'ring rays,
To light his onward course to happier days.
Chance—no—benignant Providence was there,
And led him to a noble Patron's care,
Plac'd him at ease, and, as the Sire began,
The virtuous Son fulfill'd the gen'rous plan*.
GIFFORD with grateful zeal beheld the youth,
And train'd him soon to learning, wisdom, truth.

* The late and present Earl GROSVENOR.

While station'd thus, with ev'ry want supplied,
 No change of fortune rais'd unseemly pride,
 O'er former woes he cast no specious veil,
 But told himself the sad eventful tale,
 Rememb'ring still his youth's oppressive load,
 And all the kindness Friendship then bestow'd.
 Alas ! what ills on human kind await !
 While happy thus amid the smiles of fate,
 For genius and for learning wreath'd by Fame,
 Disease with undermining venom came.
 And yet its course his patience ne'er subdu'd
 But all was borne with Christian fortitude.
 Mild was his temper, if severe his pen,
 'Twas only aim'd at vain and vicious men.
 Firm to support those principles alone
 That shield the people and uphold the throne.
 In him the critic, scholar, bard, combin'd,
 With zeal intrepid and a candid mind.
 False taste he ridiculed*, and drove her hence,
 A triumph well achiev'd by sturdy sense.
 At last exhausted, Death then hov'ring near,
 The patient suff'rer saw him not with fear,
 Calmly declar'd his readiness to die,
 And left the world without a parting sigh.

* Vide "The BAVIAD and MÆVIAD."

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE JEREMIAH TAYLOR, ESQ.

OCULIST TO HIS LATE MAJESTY, MEMBER OF THE ROYAL
COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, ETC.

BROTHER farewell ! to all who knew thee dear !
 Thy various merits, ill-requited here,
 Are gone for endless recompense above,
 To share the blessings of Almighty Love.
 On earth, with awful rev'rence be it said,
 Thy course through life, averse to vain parade,
 Was still to prove thyself with god-like aim,
 " Sight to the blind " and " feet unto the lame."

The Rich no servile homage found in thee,
 Distress was always a sufficient plea,
 Whether from want or sickness, thou wert still
 Prompt to relieve with charity or skill,
 And whatsoe'er thy pity could impart
 Was the full tribute of a glowing heart.

Decay was gradual, but thy pangs severe,
 Yet borne through all with no unmanly fear,
 Though sage Experience gave thee pow'r to know
 That Death was hov'ring with th' impending blow,
 While, like a Saint, to train thee for the sky
 Thy Sister with consoling balm was nigh,
 Who, watchful o'er thee, at each look and tone,
 Forgot herself, and felt for thee alone.

Oh ! what a mental store was lost in thee !
 Solid with humour, with discretion free,
 With learning, not to pedant rules confin'd,
 But well-digested in a pregnant mind.
 A temper that would ne'er offence provoke,
 But rous'd indignant at an offer'd stroke,
 A heart with ev'ry gen'rous feeling fraught,
 Judgment that well for counsel might be sought,
 In truth by Nature form'd, but cross'd by Fate,
 Who else had honour'd a superior state.
 Such wert thou long, my brother,—earliest friend,
 And I, alas yet live to mourn thine end !
 Hope, heav'nly hope, alone can sooth my pain
 Who, softly breathing her seraphic strain,
 Points to a better world, where we shall meet again.

ELEGIAC TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF

BOUCHER SMITH, ESQ.

WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT CROME, WORCESTERSHIRE,
 THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF COVENTRY.

THE friend of COVENTRY in early days,
 And long the friend, through life's bewild'ring maze,
 Here BOUCHER lies, whom Fate ordain'd to fall
 'Mid the gay circle of a festive hall,
 Where friendship, taste, and eloquence combin'd
 To render all that could delight the mind ;

And when the sudden stroke that laid him low
Chang'd pleasure's mansion to the house of woe.

Alas ! not provident of worldly pelf,
For others caring more than for himself,
His ready hand his gen'rous heart obey'd,
Whene'er afflicted worth requir'd his aid,
Though he, while pity in his bosom glow'd,
Perchance might want the succour he bestow'd.
His manners free, but cautious of offence,
With classic learning stor'd and manly sense ;
But though with various knowledge amply fraught
With no parade for vain applause he sought,
Content to hear, all other praise resign'd,
The " still small voice " of an approving mind.

Ah ! since no ling'ring pain prolong'd his end,
Lament not, COVENTRY, thine early friend,
Summon'd at once by Mercy to the skies
From earthly cares to heav'nly joys to rise.

And when, of high and low the certain doom,
Thou too shalt follow to the silent tomb,
Thy lov'd companion thou wilt then regain
To share in bliss that will for aye remain.
Nor shall thy relics here unenvied lie
For o'er thy grave thy King* will heave a sigh,
If Heav'n extend a life to Britain dear
Beyond the term to thee allotted here,
A King whom none can more than thee revere.

* His present MAJESTY and the Earl of COVENTRY were play-fellows together in childhood, and his MAJESTY has ever since honoured the Earl with his friendship.

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE LATE JAMES BARTLEMAN, ESQ.

MUSIC, offspring of the sky,
 Sent by Heav'n to sooth our woe,
 Nurse of sacred Sympathy,
 Source of purest joys below;
 Now thy votive homage pay,
 Now thy strains pathetic pour,
 Tune to BARTLEMAN the lay,
 BARTLEMAN, alas ! no more.
 Nature gave him potent aid,
 Notes melodious, clear and strong,
 Science, feeling, he display'd,
 Ev'ry charm of manly song.
 Such the merits of his art,
 Such the loss that Taste must mourn ;
 Worth presided o'er his heart,
 Friendship sorrows o'er his urn.

ELEGY.

SINCE, dearest maid, our hearts so truly know
 We're still united by a firm regard,
 Why should we hide the sympathetic glow,
 And of our former joys be thus debarr'd ?

While thus divided by a foolish pride,
 Fate's sudden stroke may soon my heart surprise,
 And the cold grave's oblivious mansion hide
 My mould'ring frame for ever from thine eyes.

Oh ! think what pangs would then thy breast invade,
 What anxious wishes throb, alas ! in vain ;
 How wouldst thou then thy stubborn heart upbraid,
 And mourn the moments thou couldst ne'er regain.

Then would sad mem'ry paint my constant flame,
 And still to view our wonted transports bring ;
 Then the suspicion would thy heart disclaim,
 That wounds our friendship with its baleful sting.

A thousand tender trifles would arise,
 And o'er my frailties cast a friendly shade ;
 A thousand virtues still would meet thine eyes,
 By sorrowing love's illusive fancy made.

Then heed no longer the malignant tale
 That clouds with dark distrust thy gen'rous mind ;
 Still let thy former fondness there prevail,
 And urge a union time shall ne'er unbind.

ELEGY.

OFt have I rov'd in fancy's flow'ry way,
 And sung, as love inspir'd, of pleasing woes ;
 But now a simple, melancholy lay,
 From sorrow's deepest source resistless flows.

Yet why, my heart, indulge this mournful strain ?

Why fondly point misfortune's piercing goad,
Now the dear victim of severest pain

No longer bends with life's oppressive load ?

The tender texture of her gentle heart,

Thy thorns, Ingratitude, no more shall rend ;
No more shall Malice aim her venom'd dart,

And deeper wound in semblance of a friend.

Thus from the train of life's dire evils free,

Should I, lamented shade, bewail thy doom ?

Ah ! rather fondly sigh to gain like thee,

The peaceful shelter of the silent tomb.

And yet the virtues of thy placid mind

Form'd the sweet presage of a nobler fate ;

Where souls like thine from sordid earth refin'd,

On sacred thrones enjoy immortal state.

It must be so — a brighter end appears

Than the cold silence of the dreary grave ;

And spirits, wafted from this vale of tears,

In hallow'd streams of bliss eternal lave.

Sure then, dear shade, if one of human kind

May such sublime enjoyments hope to know,

In those celestial mansions thou shalt find

A full reward for all thy cares below.

And there the soul, that to thy mem'ry true,

Now mourns thy fortune in this artless lay,

Its earth-born union haply may renew

In the bright regions of eternal day.

TO THE
MEMORY OF NOEL DESENFANS, ESQ.

WHEN Wealth and Grandeur meet the common
doom,
The pliant arts adorn the stately tomb,
Plant round the place the cypress and the bay,
And Fancy adds her tributary lay,
Design'd to bid the votive stone declare
The knowledge, wisdom, virtue, buried there.
Hence, gen'rous DESENFANS, thy friends can pay
A ready homage to thy honour'd clay :
'Tis only by transferring Fiction's strains,
To mark the sepulchre of thy remains,
And all who knew thy merits will agree,
The flatt'ry's chang'd to truth, applied to thee.

EPITAPH
ON JOHN OPIE, ESQ. R.A.

WHAT though nor rank nor affluence grac'd the birth
Of him who now rejoins our parent earth,
Nature for higher ends his course design'd,
And gave the rich nobility of mind :
Hence, while he liv'd, the wealthy and the Great
Might view with envy his superior fate,

Nor as his equal can they e'er appear,
 Till Death has levell'd them, like OPIE, here ;
 And still, while they in dark oblivion lie,
 The name his genius rais'd shall death defy.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE THOMAS HULL, ESQ.

FOUNDER OF THE THEATRICAL FUND,

INSCRIBED ON HIS TOMB-STONE IN THE ABBEY CHURCH-
 YARD, WESTMINSTER.

HULL, long respected in the scenic art,
 On life's great stage sustain'd a virtuous part ;
 And, some memorial of his zeal to shew
 For his lov'd art, and shelter age from woe,
 He form'd that noble Fund which guards his name,
 Embalm'd by Gratitude, enshrin'd by Fame.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. ISABELLA MILLS*,

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF ST. PANCRAS.

AND art thou laid in awful silence here,
 Whose voice so oft had charm'd the public ear,

* This lady was much celebrated as a singer, first as Miss BURCHELL, and afterwards as Mrs. VINCENT.

Who with thy simple notes couldst strike the heart,
 Beyond the utmost skill of labour'd art !
 Oh ! may the Pow'r who gave thy dulcet strain,
 And pitying rescu'd thee from earthly pain,
 Exalt thy spirit, touch'd with hallow'd fire,
 To hymn His praise among th' angelic choir.

TO
 THE MEMORY OF MISS CHAPMAN,
 THE ACTRESS.

A TEMPER mild, benevolent, and kind,
 A clear, reflecting, and judicious mind ;
 Manners, by firm propriety controll'd,
 Placid, not formal ; guarded, but not cold.
 Her scenic efforts, with no vain pretence,
 Were mark'd by simple truth, and sterling sense.—
 Such CHAPMAN was, and where her relics lie,
 Friendship shall stop, and linger with a sigh.

EPITAPH
 ON THE LATE MRS. MULLINEX,
 OF THE ADELPHI TERRACE.

HEAV'N here releas'd from sharp and ling'ring pain
 One, who, by worth, was form'd esteem to gain ;

Her temper gentle, and her manners pure,
 Prompt to relieve, and patient to endure.
 Through all the duties of a well-spent life,
 Fond as a mother, virtuous as a wife ;
 A friend to all who could deserve her aid,
 Wise by experience, good without parade.
 Death had no terrors for so just a mind,
 Except on leaving those she lov'd behind.

Farewell, dear MULLINEX, a faithful friend
 Rever'd thee living, and now mourns thy end ;
 While sorrowing kindred o'er thy honour'd bier,
 Drop the sad tribute of a heartfelt tear.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE MRS. ELLISTON.

STRANGER, a few brief moments pause, to know
 Whose are the lov'd remains that rest below ;
 Her form was perfect, and her beauteous face
 Disclos'd a heart with ev'ry gentler grace.
 In manners easy, elegant, refin'd,
 The pure expression of her cultur'd mind.
 Thou who, as wife, as parent, and as friend,
 Wouldst live admir'd, and honour'd in thine end,
 Pursue through life fair ELLISTON's career
 And Virtue o'er thy tomb shall shed a tear.

EPITAPH
ON MRS. BLAGDON,

DAUGHTER OF B. MACMILLAN, ESQ.

HERE rests a pattern for domestic life,
As duteous daughter and as faithful wife,
Fond as a mother, zealous as a friend,
Her acts all prompted to some worthy end.
With talents rare, and an accomplish'd mind,
Her manners were benignant and refin'd.
This simple tablet more could justly tell,
Yet Sire and Husband can but add "farewell."

EPITAPH
ON THE LATE JOHN NICHOLLS, ESQ.

HERE NICHOLLS rests, whose pure and active mind
Through life still aim'd to benefit mankind;
For useful knowledge eager from his youth,
To lengthen'd age in keen pursuit of truth.
What ruthless Time had destin'd to decay
He well-explor'd, and brought to open day.
And yet he search'd not with a bigot's zeal
To gain what Time would for oblivion steal,
But that such works recorded should remain
As Taste and Virtue gladly would retain.
And though intent to merit public fame,
Warmly alive to each domestic claim;
He, like the Patriarchs rever'd of yore,
To all his kindred due affection bore.

Prompt with good humour all he knew to cheer,
 And wit with him was playful, not severe.
 Such was the Sage whose relics rest below,
 Belov'd by many a friend, without one foe.

EPITAPH

ON BELZONI.

HERE rests the man whose firm, expansive mind,
 Nature had form'd to benefit mankind.
 For knowledge oft he travell'd far and wide,
 And, arm'd with virtue, danger still defied.
 Intent to trace the works of times of yore,
 And all their sacred mysteries explore,
 He, with unwearied zeal, his aim pursu'd,
 Upheld by patience and by fortitude.
 Lofty in stature, of heroic size,
 Gentle in mind, benevolent and wise.
 Such was BELZONI, ardent and sincere,
 To Friendship, Science, and to Virtue dear.
 Blest with a wife, who all his merit knew,
 A kindred soul, affectionately true,
 That wife remains, with nought to sooth her grief
 But the fond hope, when Death shall bring relief,
 In the same grave* to join his relics here,
 And meet his Spirit in a happier sphere.

* It is understood to be the determination of this Lady, if the profits of her present most interesting Exhibition will enable her, to visit the place where her husband's remains are deposited, and to be buried in the same grave, an event that will be much regretted by her numerous friends in this country.

EPITAPH

ON WILLIAM SMITH, ESQ.

WHO DIED, IN HIS 89TH YEAR, AT BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

HERE SMITH now rests, who acted well his part,
 Mere human errors mark'd his life and art,
 Yet were his merits of no common kind,
 For Nature had adorn'd his form and mind.
 Cambridge of learning gave an ample store,
 Genius, Experience, Judgment taught him more.
 And e'en when GARRICK charm'd a wond'ring age,
 SMITH threw a lustre o'er the rival stage,
 Conspicuous for the skill he then display'd,
 Or with the tragic or the comic maid.
 At length when Summer veil'd her radiant fire,
 Reflecting Autumn warn'd him to retire,
 Yet, propt by Health, he scarcely felt decay,
 And Winter cheer'd him with the glow of May.
 Time kept aloof, as if inclin'd to spare
 A work that Nature form'd with partial care,
 And when resolv'd no longer to delay,
 He gently wafted ling'ring life away.
 His mournful Widow plac'd this tablet here,
 And paid the tribute of a silent tear,
 Sooth'd by the hope, when her brief scene is o'er,
 To meet in purer realms, and part no more.

EPITAPH

ON THE LATE JOHN BOWLES, ESQ.

FRIENDS of mankind, religion, and the laws,
 Here a few moments for reflection pause ;
 For here reposes one whose gen'rous mind
 Toil'd for the laws, religion, and mankind.
 Attach'd to PITT, the guardian of the state,
 Alike in noblest aims, alike their fate ;
 PITT, worn by patriot zeal, for Britain fell,
 His last fond accents breath'd to her farewell !
 And he who rests below, with kindred zeal,
 His pow'rs devoted to the gen'ral weal.
 His vig'rous pen, on reason's surest plan,
 Refuted sophistry's false " Rights of Man " * :
 Long had he labour'd, with that vig'rous pen,
 To spread the truths which best enlighten men ;
 And prov'd, by ev'ry kind and pious deed,
 His own conviction of the hallow'd creed.
 At length, exhausted in a slow decay,
 His useful life pass'd silently away ;
 And, while this earth amid creation rolls,
 None will in worth exceed lamented BOWLES.

* " The Protest against PAINE ", written by the late JOHN BOWLES, Esq. was one of the earliest, as well as one of the most clear, convincing, and eloquent productions on the subject.

EPITAPH

ON HENRY CONDELL, ESQ.

HERE CONDELL rests, a friend to all mankind,
 Pure was his heart, capacious was his mind ;
 Through life by justice and by honour sway'd,
 With genius modest, good without parade ;
 Nature for music had his pow'rs design'd,
 And skill, taste, judgment, in his art combin'd.
 By reason passion's force he could control,
 And in harmonious order held his soul.
 By prudence guided, not by love of pelf,
 He felt for relatives as for himself :
 His last long illness he with firmness bore,
 And lov'd his friends till he could feel no more.

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR THE GRAVE OF

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD,

WHO DIED ON THE 1ST OF AUGUST 1821, IN THE
 SIXTY-NINTH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Lo ! the white tablet, emblem of the mind
 Of infant purity, below enshrin'd,
 Mark'd by the tribute of parental sighs*—
 Here too at rest lamented INCHBALD lies.

* Epitaph written by the Right Honourable GEORGE CAN-
 NING on his eldest son, buried in Kensington Church-yard.—
 Mrs. INCHBALD's is the adjoining grave.

The child presag'd, in time's maturing hour,
 To rise a beauteous intellectual flower :
 Yet ah ! while Hope indulg'd a fond delight,
 The cherish'd blossom felt Death's fatal blight :—
 Thus INCHBALD's youth presag'd a future claim
 To moral dignity and mental fame,
 But Time, what nature form'd with powers so rare,
 Touch'd with prophetic zeal, was proud to spare ;
 Proud to prolong her useful mortal state,
 E'en to the verge of our allotted date,
 To spread the works of her creative mind,
 That, while amusing, meliorate mankind.
 Her life was just, benevolent and sage,
 As truth proclaims in her instructive page :
 Religion consecrates her honour'd bier,
 And a true Christian waits for mercy here.

EPITAPH
 ON MY FIRST WIFE.

SHALL this dear spot which holds the mortal clay,
 That once a spark of heav'nly fire enshrin'd,
 Pass like a common mass of earth away,
 Nor one instructive lesson leave mankind ?
 No—for though Nature deck'd her form and face,
 Her spotless soul was wholly free from pride,
 All duties she fulfill'd with pious grace,
 She liv'd with virtue, with submission died.

EPITAPH
ON MRS. SOANE,

WIFE OF JOHN SOANE, ESQ. ARCHITECT.

STRANGER, the hallow'd dust that lies below,
Was once inspir'd by virtue's purest glow.
In all the tender offices of life,
Rever'd as friend, as parent, and as wife,
Her duties she discharg'd with active zeal,
And her reward could in those duties feel.
Soft in her manners, in her judgment strong,
By gentle means she led to right from wrong.
Lib'ral, yet prudent, to direct her pow'r
In steady course, and not profusely show'r.
Reason and sympathy went hand in hand,
And bounty acted as discretion plann'd.

Such was the worth untimely snatch'd away
From him now left to lonely grief a prey ;
From him who, drooping with a widow'd heart,
In deep despair, can only sighs impart,
As fondly ling'ring on the votive stone,
O'er the lov'd relics of ELIZA SOANE.

EPITAPH

ON THE

LATE J. P. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R.A.

THOUGH here, allotted to a narrow space,
Thy mortal clay DE LOUTHERBOURG we place,

Thy fame extends throughout our earthly sphere,
 And latest times thy genius shall revere.
 With vivid force, and with a bold design,
 To bid the canvas live, the pow'r was thine,
 Nor less thy moral merit than thine art,
 Thine was a noble mind and gen'rous heart.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY.

YE who parental love and grief revere
 A moment pause to pay a tribute here,
 The simple tribute of a passing sigh,
 Where youthful innocence and beauty lie.
 Yet reft of all that gave them joy below,
 Not without solace is her parents' woe ;
 Too good was she for her terrestrial place ;
 And since she now partakes celestial grace,
 In pious firmness they the loss deplore,
 Sooth'd by the hope to meet, and part no more.

ADDENDA.

THE following articles were sent too late to the printer to be inserted in their proper places.

ADDENDA.

SONNET

TO INDEPENDENCE.

OFT INDEPENDENCE have I thee implor'd
To cast a smile on my uncertain state,
Implor'd that smile from youth's far distant date,
E'en then with lessons of experience stor'd,
Yet still have adverse winds around me roar'd
And disappointments hover'd o'er my fate ;
In age they now on all my hopes await,
Though ne'er to riches have I proudly soar'd.
Oh ! thou the friend of Virtue, Freedom, Fame,
Still not, on life's near verge, thy smile deny,
A small, but sure provision all my aim.
Would those I long have serv'd that boon supply,
I'd ask no more, and all beyond disclaim,
Content to live, nor unprepar'd to die.

SONNET

TO WEDLOCK.

WEDLOCK, 'tis said few joys are found in thee,
 Though not the fault of Husband or of Wife,
 A state of anxious tenderness or strife,
 Yet form'd, as many think by Heav'n's decree,
 But not alas ! from human evils free.

Censures against thee long have been too rife,
 That seem to prove not bless'd by thee is life
 But a frail bark on a tempestuous sea.

What then the cure for this wide-spread disease ?

Whether from hate or fondness it arise—
 Fondness alarm'd at ev'ry passing breeze,
 Hate that on all things looks with jaundic'd eyes ?
 The remedy is mutual aim to please,
 Wedlock, thy bliss will then foretaste the skies.

SONNET

WRITTEN IN 1796.

AH ! is it not a dream I once possess'd
 Her who appear'd as if from Heav'n she came,
 Inspir'd by Nature with a lambent flame,
 That warm'd the virtues in her glowing breast ?

Virtue herself she seem'd in beauty drest.

Though born with Genius disregarding Fame,
To spread around her bliss her only aim,
And close each well-spent day with well earn'd rest.
Yes, once I was possess'd of such a Fair,

And own the truth of all that friendship told,
Found her in virtue as in beauty rare—

Dear is the place that holds her sacred mould;
While Hope still whispers, as I linger there,
In happier realms I yet shall her behold.

SONNET

TO AN ABSENT WIFE,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WEDDING-DAY.

THINK not, dear Partner of my anxious days,

That I in absence shall thy worth forget,

Not so shall I discharge affection's debt—

Oft on thy portrait I with pleasure gaze,

That seems to greet me with enliv'ning rays,

And say, “ though adverse clouds surround us, yet

No deed dishonourable brings regret;

And Hope a bright'ning prospect still displays:”

Then bear with fortitude, beloved wife,

The transient ills assign'd us here by fate;

Soon may pass off the load of worldly strife,

And resignation can sustain the weight:

A gracious Pow'r still guards this mortal life,

And faith in Him assures a happier state.

SONNET

TO ALEXANDER CHALMERS, ESQ.

CHALMERS, thy worth I've known full many a year,
 Hence to the SAMIAN'S* doctrine I agree,
 And ADDISON again I view in thee;
 Like his, thy works, judicious, terse and clear,
 In thy PROJECTOR† vividly appear
 Learning profound, and Humour chastely free,
 Such as mankind in his SPECTATORS see,
 Touch'd with a moral charm to Virtue dear.
 Nor less we in thy biographic page‡,
 Judgment allied with truth and candour find,
 Tracing another JOHNSON, lofty sage!
 In manners stern, yet still in nature kind.
 Thus three great pow'rs in virtue's cause engage,
 Thou, friend, combining each congenial mind.

SONNET

TO WILLIAM SOTHERBY, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF OBERON FROM THE GERMAN.

THY version, classic Bard §, of WIELAND'S tale,
 A tale almost too wild for fairy land,
 Transferr'd to Britain by thy magic wand,
 Spreads native charms that must with all prevail,

* PYTHAGORAS.

† A well-known periodical work, written by this gentleman.

‡ "Lives of the British Poets."

§ The Public are indebted to this gentleman for an elegant
 "Translation of the Georgics of VIRGIL."

Charms justly valued in the moral scale.
 Genius the work in full luxuriance plann'd,
 And the bold touches of thy master-hand
 Add force and elegance that could not fail.
 In OBERON is seen no wanton sprite,
 Dispos'd to gambol with poor human kind,
 Severe his test, but leading to delight,
 Such as in Virtue's paths we always find,
 Where wisdom, happiness, and truth unite,
 The best of treasures for reflecting mind.

ON
 THE PICTURE OF "THE HOLY FAMILY",
 PAINTED BY MRS. W. CARPENTER,
 THE DESIGN
 FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY MICHAEL ANGELO;
 BROUGHT FROM ROME
 BY THE LATE SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

THIS noble work by ANGELO design'd,
 The pious offspring of his pregnant mind,
 E'en though imperfect, is a master-piece,
 Like the fam'd Torso of enlighten'd Greece!
 BEAUMONT, to judgment, taste, and virtue dear,
 Brought from reluctant Rome the relic here;
 BEAUMONT who gave, with patriotic zeal,
 His graphic treasures for the PUBLIC WEAL:
 His mind well-stor'd, benevolent his heart,
 Patron and ornament of British art.

Not Friendship only on his honour'd bier,
 BRITAIN should shed a sympathizing tear.
 So just in ev'ry public, private, tie,
 E'en watchful Envy could no fault descry,
 For through his gen'rous course 'twas still his aim
 To cherish worth, and prop his country's fame.

And now, fair Artist, rightful praise is thine,
 Thus to complete great ANGELO's design.
 Lo ! MARY, saintly JOHN, the SACRED BOY,
 Who seems to smile, as if with hallow'd joy,
 Conscious in mercy he was sent below,
 To rescue guilty Man from endless woe.

All who may hence this beauteous picture view,
 To pure devotion must give homage due,
 And justly own that genius so refin'd,
 Brought to the sculptor's work a kindred mind.

THE ODES OF ANACREON,

WITH THE FRAGMENTS

OF

SAPPHO AND ALCÆUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Version of the Odes of ANACREON was the fruit of occasional leisure, written in the intervals of business, amusement, and society, and which certainly occupied the Author not more than a month. They were by no means composed in the spirit of rivalry, particularly with the animated translation of his friend Mr. THOMAS MOORE. Still, however, he was induced to make the attempt, because he conceived that there was a want of sufficient variety in the metre of all former versions, considering the subjects of the several Odes, that might not be suitable to the taste of the English Reader, even in the spirited translation of Mr. MOORE. The present writer has followed the arrangement of the Odes according to an elegant prose version, with the original text, by Dr. ORGER, for the advantage of Students, and who by that work, as well as by his poetical translation of OVID's METAMORPHOSES, has shewn how well qualified he is to instruct his Pupils. Dr. JOHNSON, in his excellent translation of the Ninth Ode, has changed the sex of the person to whom the DOVE was sent, and the example is followed in the present version. All that is reported of the life of ANACREON is so well known, and, after all, is perhaps so uncertain, that it could not be necessary to repeat it in this place, or to affect the illustration of notes, as the text has been so amply discussed by many learned and sagacious Commentators. One note, indeed, is annexed to the Eighteenth Ode, which is offered with great diffidence to the candid Reader.

TO

JOHN SOANE, ESQ. R.A.

PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,

THE refined taste and profound knowledge of the arts of Ancient Greece, particularly that of Architecture, evident in the rare collection of Grecian Antiquities which you have spared no expense in acquiring, and the high professional character which you have attained, would point you out as the person to whom I might properly address the following attempted Version of The ODES of ANACREON, even if I had no motives arising from your long-continued friendship. Therefore, without venturing to solicit a permission, which your delicacy would most probably refuse, I present it to you as a humble testimony of the respect and esteem of

DEAR SIR,

Your obliged friend,

JOHN TAYLOR.

London, 1827.

THE ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.

ON THE LYRE.

OF ATREUS' sons I wish to sing,
And then to CADMUS strike the string,
But ah ! my stubborn lyre
Will sound to Love, and Love alone,
Howe'er I seek another tone,
For Love still sways the wire.

The strings, and e'en the Lyre, I change,
Then to a diff'rent theme would range,
And HERCULES proclaim,
But yet my efforts all are vain,
For Love is still the fav'rite strain,
And frustrates ev'ry aim.

To heroes then I'll bid adieu,
And prove to Love a vot'ry true—
He shall inspire the lay :
Strike then, my Lyre, to mighty Love,
So may the God the strain approve,
Since I his pow'r obey.

ODE II.

ON WOMAN.

To bulls has Nature horns decreéd,
 And hoofs assist the lordly steed ;
 Swiftness of feet is giv'n to hares,
 And dreadful jaws the lion bears ;
 With oary pinions fishes play,
 And wander through the wat'ry way ;
 The birds, by Nature's guardian care,
 Can wanton o'er the wilds of air ;
 The force of an intrepid mind
 In man, superior man, we find.—
 What then to Woman is supplied,
 To whom are all those pow'rs denied ?
 To Woman Nature beauty gave,
 Which makes proud man her willing slave ;
 Hence Beauty needs not spear or shield,
 Since to its charms at once we yield.

ODE III.

ON CUPID.

WHEN midnight spread around its gloom,
 A sudden knock alarm'd my room,
 While, worn by labours of the day,
 In speechless slumber mortals lay.

Quick I descended to the door,
 That I the reason might explore.
 “ Who thus disturbs my dreams ? ” I cried—
 A whining infant thus replied :
 “ Fear not, I ventured to your door,
 As I, alas, am wet all o’er,
 And as the moon withdraws her light
 I dare not stray in such a night.”
 Hearing this tale, in accents mild,
 I felt compassion for the child,
 I said no farther he should roam,
 But freely find my house a home.
 I saw his quiver, wings and bow,
 And straight began the child to know.
 Then seated him before the fire,
 And offer’d all he could desire ;
 Requested he would cease to pine,
 And warm’d his chilly hands in mine :
 Attended him with soothing care,
 And wrung the water from his hair.
 But when he seem’d no longer cold,
 His spirit suddenly was bold.
 “ I’ll try,” said he, “ my bow again,
 Perhaps the string is hurt by rain.”
 His bow he then with vigour bent,
 And to my heart an arrow went—
 Laughing, he cried “ my bow is sound,
 And long you’ll suffer from the wound.”

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

AT ease beneath a myrtle shade,
 Deep draughts of wine my thirst allay'd,
 'Twas then, to aid my jovial state,
 Love seem'd as if on me to wait ;
 His tunic spread with grace around,
 And o'er him with papyrus bound.
 Life, like a chariot, rolls away,
 And Age will hasten our decay :
 A few short years, and die we must,
 Reduc'd at last to bones and dust.
 Why then on tombs rich oils to spread,
 And wine on barren earth to shed !
 No—feast my senses while I live,
 Then wine and rosy chaplets give ;
 And bring, oh ! Love, my fav'rite Fair,
 That I till death such bliss may share.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

To BACCHUS we'll devote the rose,
 The fairest, sweetest, flow'r that grows,
 The fav'rite of the Loves.
 Its beauteous leaves our temples grace,
 We drink, and laughter shakes the place,
 While he our mirth approves.

Oh ! lovely Rose, whose charms we sing,
 Thou darling of the bloomy spring,
 E'en gods in thee delight :
 CUPID with thee entwines his hair,
 With him in dance the Graces share,
 And hail the jovial rite.

Then crown me, BACCHUS, pow'r divine,
 I'll strike my lyre before thy shrine,
 And deign to yield thine aid ;
 Adorn'd with roses I'll advance,
 And revel in the sprightly dance,
 With some blithe buxom maid.

ODE VI.

ON THE SAME.

WHILE rosy wreaths adorn our brows,
 We laughing pay to BACCHUS vows,
 And freely quaff the sparkling bowl ;
 While the neat-footed nymph, we find,
 A thyrsus bears, with ivy twin'd,
 And, dancing, breathes her sprightly soul.

A manly youth then sweetly sings,
 Striking the lute's melodious strings,
 And Love with golden locks is near.
 Fair VENUS joins the festive band,
 And jovial BACCHUS takes his stand,
 In mirth that chilly age must cheer.

ODE VII.

ON CUPID.

Love once approach'd with limping pace,
 A hyacinthine staff he bore,
 He summon'd me with him to race,
 And many a mile he dragg'd me o'er.

We pass'd through torrent, glen, and brake,
 Lagging, I panted hard for breath,
 When, wounded by a water-snake,
 Groaning I fell, as smote by death.

Love gently wav'd his silken wing,
 And fann'd my brow, while thus he said,
 "If thou can'st feel so slight a thing,
 For Love, 'tis plain, thou wert not made."

ODE VIII.

ON HIS DREAM.

ONE time, with too much wine oppress'd,
 Where purple carpets tempted rest,
 A pleasant dream my sense o'ercame ;
 Methought some sprightly nymphs I view'd,
 And eagerly their steps pursu'd,
 Impell'd by Love's resistless flame.

Some comely, roguish, boys were near,
 Who at my chace began to sneer,
 Yet still I follow'd for a kiss ;
 With ardour I kept up the chace,
 The nymphs were swifter in the race,
 I wak'd, and lost the promis'd bliss.

ODE IX.

ON A DOVE.

BEAUTEOUS Dove, ah ! whither say,
 Eager speeding on thy way,
 While thy pinions scents exhale
 That perfume the passing gale ;
 Whence thou pretty, plummy, thing ?
 Why thus urgent on the wing ?
 The bird in gentle notes replies,
 “ I haste to her who charms all eyes,
 ANACREON'S message now I bear,
 Swiftly through the buoyant air ;
 To ANACREON I belong,
 Venus gave me for a song ;
 ANACREON serving, as you see,
 He promises to set me free.
 But I'll still on him attend,
 Serve him as a faithful friend.
 Why should I leave such a home,
 O'er mountains and o'er fields to roam ?

To perch on lofty trees, and there
 To live, by chance, on rustic fare,
 While near ANACREON I can stand,
 Receiving plenty from his hand :
 The gen'rous wine he bids me sip,
 And pledges me with social lip.
 Then perchance I hop or spread
 My downy pinions o'er his head.
 Or to sleep my eyes I close,
 And on his dulcet harp repose.
 But let me now obey my call,
 Begone, for now I've told thee all.
 Again I bid thee let me go,
 Thou mak'st me chatter like a crow."

ODE X.

ON A WAXEN CUPID.

ONCE, at the mart, a youth display'd
 A CUPID that of wax was made ;
 I ask him what was his demand
 For this rare labour of his hand.
 The youth replied, in Doric tone,
 " Give what you please, but be it known,
 I mould not wax, though this I sell,
 Nor wish near fatal Love to dwell."—
 " If so," quoth I, " for pieces nine,
 As you consent, the work is mine."
 Then CUPID fondly I addrest,
 And said, " now fire my yielding breast,
 Or if you thwart my fervid aim,
 Yourself shall melt amid the flame."

ODE XI.
ON HIMSELF.

THE women now withdraw their charms,
In vain I fondly spread my arms,
They cry, “ You’re old, pray take your glass—
See if your features now will pass.
Your locks are gone—your forehead bare—
For woman’s smiles no longer care.”—
Whether my locks are gone, indeed,
Is now a point I little heed,
But this I know, the more of time
Has pass’d since I enjoy’d my prime,
The more should I of pleasure know,
’Till Death shall strike the final blow.

ODE XII.
ON A SWALLOW.

OH ! chatt’ring Swallow, noisy bird,
Whom early I this morning heard,
Say shall I clip your wing,
Or, with severer vengeance stung,
Like TEREUS now cut off your tongue,
That you no more may sing ?
While dreaming of my fav’rite Fair,
In joys divine with her to share,
And raptures ever new,
Your clam’rous tones my ears assail’d,
A sudden change I then bewail’d,
For all the vision flew.

ODE XIII.
ON HIMSELF.

'TIS said that ATTIS, mad for love,
Would o'er the mountains wildly rove,
CYBELE's name to roar ;
And some who taste the vocal stream
Where laurell'd PHŒBUS darts his beam,
Grow mad on Claros' shore.
I, charm'd with BACCHUS and his vine,
To pleasing dreams my thoughts resign,
Resolv'd I'll ne'er be sad—
But, with a charming female near,
To share in fragrance and good cheer,
Thus, thus, would I be mad.

ODE XIV.
ON CUPID.

To love I feel a strong desire,
Though once I scorn'd the gentle rite,
But haughty CUPID, full of ire,
Then challeng'd me with him to fight.
He seiz'd his quiver and his bow,
Prepar'd to make me quickly yield ;
I felt my heart with courage glow,
Arm'd with a corslet, spear, and shield.

Shaft after shaft he vengeful sent,
 But when he saw they fail'd to wound,
 And when his store was nearly spent,
 He rush'd and fell'd me to the ground.
 Vainly I held my spear and shield,
 And vainly tried my utmost art,
 He reign'd triumphant o'er the field,
 And found the passage to my heart.
 Then what avail my shield and spear,
 Or for the shafts without to care,
 Since now his pow'r within I fear,
 The victim of his conquest there?

ODE XV.

ON HIMSELF.

GYGES, the Sardinian king, has wealth in store,
 But what to me is all his splendid ore?

I ne'er was caught by sordid gold,
 Nor do I, when a tyrant swells with pride,
 And gains obsequious homage, far and wide,
 His state with envious eyes behold.

If I, whene'er I please, my beard perfume,
 If on my head a rosy crown should bloom,
 'Tis my concern, and only mine;
 Then let me revel through the fleeting day,
 For who so rash as can presume to say,
 "To-morrow's Sun shall on me shine"?

Whilst then we live let us the time enjoy,
 Now sport with dice, now with the damsels toy,
 Or to great BACCHUS bumpers pour ;
 Lest creeping Time should come with fell disease,
 On all our with'ring members roughly seize,
 And tell us we must drink no more.

ODE XVI.

ON HIMSELF.

ON Thebes and its concerns while you discourse,
 He tells the triumphs of the Phrygian horse,
 But I my own captivity relate.
 Nor horse, nor foot, nor navy, conquer me,
 An army in two radiant eyes I see,
 They quite subdue me, and I yield to fate.

ODE XVII.

ON A SILVER CUP.

VULCAN, a silver cup prepare,
 But let no hostile signs be there,
 For what have I to do with arms,
 With martial feats and war's alarms?
 No—make the cup both deep and wide,
 Nor carve upon the circling side

The Stars, Orion, or the Wain—
 What from such symbols can I gain?
 What are the Pleiades to me,
 Or why Boötes should I see?
 Let grapes in swelling clusters shine,
 And let the Muses, BACCHUS, Love,
 Appear upon the cup to move,
 As if the tempting fruit to tread,
 'Till all the luscious juice they shed.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

OH! Sculpture here a goblet bring,
 To hail the glowing prime of Spring,
 And let the lovely rose be found
 To spread its foliage all around.
 Grave not upon the silver ore,
 Sad emblems of the rites of yore,
 But rather BACCHUS, Son of Jove,
 Or else the beauteous Queen of Love,
 As dancing by the fountain's side,
 While HYMEN leads a blooming bride.
 And grave, too, CUPID, quite unarm'd,
 By all the smiling Graces charm'd,
 While they around in sport combine,
 And feast on fruits beneath the vine.

Let too some youths of comely mien,
 Be added to the festive scene.
 And then if PHÆBUS keep away,
 All, all without him can be gay.

THE Commentators in general consider the conclusion of this Ode as allusive to the death of HYACINTHUS, killed by APOLLO in playing at quoits, and one of them positively affirms that such is the meaning of the text, and that it admits of no other. But the grief which APOLLO must be supposed to have felt for the loss of his favourite, would naturally render him cautious of incurring the same danger, and other boys would as naturally avoid playing with him at the same game. If the present writer may venture to hazard a conjecture, after so many learned authorities, he would say, that it appears to him that ANACREON wished to say in the words of MILTON, "hide me from day's garish eye," and that "'tis only day-light that makes sin."

ODE XIX.

IT BEHOVES US TO DRINK.

DRINKING we find still governs all,
 'Tis Nature's universal call;
 The thirsty Earth imbibes the rain,
 The Trees from Earth its moisture drain,
 The Seas absorb the roving breeze,
 The Sun inhales the rising seas,
 The Moon at night the Sun invades,
 And sucks his beams to cheer her shades.
 Then wonder not, my friends, that I
 Am always drinking, always dry.

ODE XX.

TO A GIRL.

A DAUGHTER, well the tale is known,
 Of TANTALUS became a stone,
 And took her solitary stand
 On borders of the Phrygian land.
 Another mournful tale is heard,
 Of PROGNE, who became a bird.
 I rather would a mirror be,
 That you might often look on me;
 Or be a tunic, could I deck
 The vital snow that forms your neck;
 Or gently rise a limpid wave
 In hopes your beauties I might lave;
 A precious unguent I would prove,
 Anointing you with purest love;
 Or else a zone upon your breast,
 Or pearl, amid its charms to rest;
 Or sandal, if on me you trod,
 Exulting in my beauteous load.

ODE XXI.

ON HIMSELF.

OH ! lovely woman give me now to drain
 An ample cup to cool my glowing brain,

Such as might e'en great BACCHUS' self inspire,
 For ah ! I pant beneath the season's fire.
 And give me too his flow'ry garlands now,
 For those I wear burn on my fervid brow.
 But what pure liquid can thine aid impart,
 To quench the fires of love that scorch my heart?

ODE XXII.

TO A FRIEND.

Sir, dear Companion, in this verdant shade,
 That Nature here for sweet retirement made.
 How beautiful the boughs that wave above,
 As if to fan the gentle flames of love !
 And lo, a lucid fountain murmurs near,
 That softly sooths to rest the willing ear,—
 Who then could pass the place and not desire
 In such a calm seclusion to retire?

ODE XXIII.

ON GOLD.

If Gold could lengthen fleeting life,
 And quell the cares of mortal strife,
 I'd grasp the glitt'ring bane ;
 Then if stern Death should near me stray,
 I'd give him all to pass away,
 And let me here remain.

But ah ! since life's not bought with Gold,
 Why should I mournfully behold
 Th' inevitable end ;
 For 'tis decreed by ruthless Fate,
 That Death must come, or soon or late,
 And wealth no aid can lend.

Then to partake the bowl be mine,
 To quaff with friends the gen'rous wine,
 Or, in a secret bow'r,
 There to invoke love's beauteous queen,
 And rest on flow'ry beds serene,
 Blest by her gentle pow'r.

ODE XXIV.

ON HIMSELF.

SINCE I must journey through the ways
 Of life's perplexing, rugged, maze,
 I know the past full well,
 But what henceforward time may shew,
 Whether of happiness or woe,
 Alas ! we none can tell.

Then hence release me, sullen Care,
 I will not yield to dark Despair,
 And ne'er again advance ;
 Ere Death shall dart upon his prey
 I'll give to mirth life's transient day,
 And with my charmer dance.

ODE XXV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHENE'ER I drink, Care falls asleep,
 O'er mortal griefs I cease to weep,
 What are those griefs to me?
 I know that, if I wish or not,
 To die must be my certain lot,
 By Fate's severe decree.

Then why my life in sorrow waste?
 No—let me pleasure only taste,
 And freely quaff the wine,
 The wine that jovial BACCHUS gave;
 To him I'll prove a willing slave,
 And Care to sleep resign.

ODE XXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

HIS jovial face when BACCHUS shews,
 Care sinks at once in dull repose:
 I seem possess'd of CRÆSUS' store,
 I tune my voice, and with a crown
 Of ivy, gently lay me down,
 And rove in thought all nature o'er.

Boy, bring me then a cheerful cup,
 And let me drink the liquor up,
 While Fancy rules my rambling head;
 For oh ! 'tis better far, I ween,
 In drunken torpor to be seen,
 Than prostrate on Death's icy bed.

ODE XXVII.

ON BACCHUS.

BACCHUS, the Son of Jove, we find,
 With cheering pow'r unbends the mind,
 If worldly cares annoy,
 And in my bosom when he glows,
 The tempting liquor he bestows,
 Can make me dance with joy.
 Then with a bumper, ruby bright,
 In copious draughts I take delight,
 While VENUS fires my brain;
 And, caught by her inspiring praise,
 Poetic strains I fondly raise,
 And dance with joy again.

ODE XXVIII.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

COME painter, thou whose magic art
 Life to dull canvas can impart,

Or make cold wax an impulse shew,
 And with the tints of Nature glow :
 But no inferior hand I ask,
 To venture on the mighty task :
 Hence, Artist, all thy skill prepare,
 To represent my absent Fair.
 First then her sable ringlets trace,
 That wave around with easy grace,
 And give them such a vivid hue,
 As beaming with a fragrant dew.
 Her polish'd forehead shew me now,
 As rising o'er each dark-arch'd brow,
 Those brows divided, yet so near
 That they united may appear.
 Long lashes let her eye-lids bear,
 In colour like her silken hair.
 Let sparkling eyes their radiance dart,
 Of pow'r to warm the coldest heart,
 Such as MINERVA's, azure bright,
 Or those of VENUS, lovelier sight,
 And glist'ning with a dewy light.
 Be sure in due proportion place
 The features of her lovely face,
 And bring each beauteous cheek to view,
 Like milk, with each a roseate hue.
 Her lip, with sweet persuasion fraught,
 Should seem to move, as if it thought.
 Let all her features beam with bliss,
 Provoking to a rapt'rous kiss ;
 And let the Graces seem to deck
 Her vital alabaster neck.
 Let purple robes her form adorn,
 In colour like the rising morn,

To clothe, yet not that form conceal,
 But its fine symmetry reveal ;
 And leave some little space below,
 The whiteness of her skin to shew.—
 'Tis done—to matchless beauty true,
 I seem her very self to view,
 Superior skill 'twere vain to seek—
 And hark ! methinks I hear her speak.

ODE XXIX.

ON BATHYLLUS.

ARTIST, again my call attend,
 BATHYLLUS paint, my youthful friend,
 Let me describe his form and face,
 That you his person well may trace ;
 Black be his locks, and then impart
 A grace as if untouch'd by art,
 His brows should be of darker die
 Than e'en the fabled dragon's eye.
 Those brows a forehead must adorn
 In brightness like the dewy morn.
 And let his eyes be black and keen,
 Though full of spirit, yet serene,
 Partaking both of MARS's ire,
 And CYTHEREA's softer fire,
 As if sometimes exciting fear,
 Then smiling, as with hope to cheer.
 And let his downy cheeks assume
 A beauteous apple's roseate bloom,

And still a modest tinct display
 The rival blush of op'ning day ;
 His lip should emulate the rose,
 And seem, though silent, to disclose
 Sounds that the ear expectant seeks,
 Breathing persuasion when he speaks.
 The face thus done, the form attend :—
 His iv'ry neck should graceful bend,
 Such as in fair ADONIS seen,
 Of pow'r to charm the Cyprian queen.
 His chest, his hands, the whole to make,
 From HERMES, POLLUX, BACCHUS, take.
 And if all else in order meet,
 I hardly need describe his feet.
 When you have quite perform'd the task,
 I'll freely give whate'er you ask,
 Nor think too large the sum to spend
 For such a likeness of a friend.
 A work so fine in shape and face,
 APOLLO's semblance should displace,
 For yours to shine with nobler grace.
 And if to Samos you repair,
 To paint the form of PHÆBUS there,
 BATHYLLUS should thy model be,
 Then Samos will perfection see.

ODE XXX.
ON CUPID.

THE Muses CUPID rambling found,
And straight in rosy fetters bound,
To Beauty then resign'd the boy.
His mother soon a ransom brings,
To free from all restraint his wings,
That still his arrows might annoy.
But Love from Beauty ne'er departs,
For her he sharpens all his darts,
Still to support her sov'reign sway.
Where she exerts her tyrant pow'r,
Both gods and men submissive cow'r,
And all that pow'r at once obey.

ODE XXXI.
TO HIMSELF.

Now by the gods to thee I'll freely drink,
Whate'er the meddling world may say or think,
Drinking I know will never make me sad,
And 'tis my wish that it may make me mad.
ALCMÆON and ORESTES both had slain
Their mothers, and then conscience turn'd their brain.
I none have slain, but drinking rosy wine,
Hope it will have the same effect on mine.

ALCIDES, fam'd of yore, went mad, we know,
 And shook his dreadful quiver and his bow.
 AJAX was mad, and dreaming of the field,
 Brandish'd great HECTOR's sword, and rais'd his shield.
 I drain the bowl, and, garlanding my brow,
 To be as mad as they am anxious now.

ODE XXXII.
 HIS AMOURS.

THOU who art able to compute so well
 Leaves of all trees, and ocean's sands to tell,
 Thou, only thou, shalt reckon all the dames
 For whom I glow'd with love's resistless flames.
 From Athens then first register a score,
 And to that list then number fifteen more.
 From Corinth thou mayst add a num'rous throng,
 To that fam'd place most beauteous nymphs belong;
 And thousands more from many a distant place,
 Of equal beauty, should the records grace.
 From Lesbos some, and from Ionia too,
 At Caria, and at Rhodes, I thousands knew,
 At Syria and Canopus both, I found
 Females of matchless charms who there abound.
 Crete also added to the smiling train
 Where Love delights to hold his fav'rite reign.
 Gades and Bactria still increas'd the band,
 And countless others from far Indian land:
 Of all in turn I felt the soft control,
 All, all, with various charms o'erwhelm'd my soul.

ODE XXXIII.

ON A SWALLOW.

SWALLOW, when here you annual visits pay,
 You raise your nest 'mid Summer's cheering ray,
 But when the Winter low'rs, away you fly,
 To rear your brood beneath a warmer sky.
 To Nile or Memphis next with joy repair,
 To nurse their plumage in more genial air.
 But Love, all-potent Love, still builds his nest,
 Whate'er the season, in my fost'ring breast.
 One passion here takes wing, another there
 Is yet an egg, then breaks, and thrives with care;
 A third, in vital force, half-hatch'd, is found,
 And other gaping younglings chirp around.
 What can I do, a sure relief to gain,
 Since 'gainst so many loves I strive in vain !

ODE XXXIV.

ON A GIRL.

AH ! shun me not, because I'm pass'd my prime,
 And my gray locks betray the force of time,
 Nor, though your blooming beauty charms all eyes,
 In proud disdain reject my fervent sighs.
 Lo ! how in garlands snowy lilies shine,
 Whene'er with blushing roses they entwine.

ODE XXXV.

ON EUROPA.

THAT bull, my boy, seems of a noble breed,
 I almost fancy 'tis great Jove indeed.
 He bears a fair Sidonian o'er the tide,
 While his strong hoofs the swelling waves divide,
 Like Jove himself, when he EUROPA bore,
 Safe o'er old ocean, from her native shore.
 No other bull would thus desert the plain,
 And tempt the dangers of the restless main.

ODE XXXVI.

THAT WE MUST FREELY LOVE.

WHY wilt thou tease me thus, and strive to teach
 The formal lessons which dull pedants preach?
 Why tire my patience with such dry discourse
 As yields no good, though urg'd with all thy force?
 No more advise me fleeting life to waste,
 But the rich wine LYÆUS gives to taste.
 Bid me, besides, to seek of VENUS aid,
 And with her damsels sport beneath the shade.
 Time on my head has scatter'd wintry snow,
 I'll freely drink before I sink below.

Boy, put some water in the festive bowl,
 But more, much more, of wine, to calm my soul.
 Soon to the grave some friends my corse will bear—
 And no desires disturb poor mortals there.

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE SPRING.

BEHOLD at length where blooming Spring appears,
 And with her lovely smile all Nature cheers;
 The Graces scatter roses all around,
 And various buds are bursting o'er the ground.
 No longer furious storms convulse the main,
 And wat'ry fowls sport on the liquid plain:
 The Crane her journey takes, the clouds all fly,
 And Titan's beams o'erspread the radiant sky.
 Earth yields her fruits, rewarding mortal toil,
 With the full produce of her teeming soil.
 But chiefly BACCHUS now begins to shine,
 In bending clusters of the swelling vine.
 Prolific Spring imparts a vital glow,
 And all is splendour, beauty, bliss, below.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

YES, I must own, I old am grown,
 But yet can boast with truth,
 I'm still to former pleasures prone,
 And more can drink than youth.
 And when they me to dancing ask,
 I need no helping staff,
 But, as my sceptre, hold a flask,
 And from it freely quaff.
 Let him who fighting loves, still fight,
 My wrangling days are o'er,
 A bowl of wine is my delight,
 And charms me more and more.
 And though I'm old, I own again,
 And feel more years advance,
 I'll list to Mirth's enliv'ning strain,
 And, like Silenus, dance.

ODE XXXIX.

ON THE SAME.

WHEN wine I drink my heart is gay,
 And to the Muse I homage pay.

When wine I drink from cares I'm free,
 As gales that buffet the rough sea.
 When wine I drink such joy I find,
 That BACCHUS triumphs o'er my mind,
 He seems, his sportive mood to please,
 To toss me on the fragrant breeze.
 When wine I drink I weave with care
 A flow'ry wreath to deck my hair,
 And then, forgetting human strife,
 I sing the bliss of tranquil life.
 When wine I drink Love fires my head,
 And o'er me fragrant oils I spread ;
 My fav'rite nymph I woo again,
 And then to VENUS tune the strain.
 When wine I drink I joy to hear
 Youths chorus in a jovial cheer.
 When wine I drink to me 'tis gain,
 And future ills excite no pain ;
 For why on future evils sigh,
 Since 'tis our common lot to die !

ODE XL.

ON CUPID.

CUPID one morning chose to stray
 Among the flow'ry sweets of May,
 Unconscious what was nigh ;
 He soon disturb'd a bee's repose,
 The vengeful insect swiftly rose,
 And, stinging, made him fly.

He to his mother weeping ran,
 To tell his piteous tale began,
 And, falling on her lap,
 He said, a small wing'd-serpent came,
 And took at him the cruel aim
 That caus'd his dire mishap.

His beauteous Mother archly smil'd,
 And fondly said " Ah ! heedless child,
 Think, if so small a thing
 Such pain can give, what bitter woe
 Those hapless mortals undergo
 Who feel thy potent sting ! "

ODE XLI.

ON A BANQUET.

As joyous now our moments pass,
 To BACCHUS let us raise the glass ;
 'Twas he invented dance and wine,
 Then let us honour BACCHUS' shrine.
 To him full chorus we should raise ;
 Let CUPID share the festive praise,
 And VENUS too partake the rite,
 For both in BACCHUS take delight.
 BACCHUS can sweet delirium give,
 And make us free from sorrow live.
 Grief in his bowl her cares can steep,
 And softly sink in gentle sleep.

Then, sprightly youths, the bowl prepare,
 And to the winds dismiss all care.
 Why should we waste frail life in grief—
 Reflection brings us no relief.
 What of the future can we know ?
 Uncertain is our state below.
 Now for new joys—I'll drink no more,
 But dance with nymphs whom I adore.
 Leave those to suffer care who will,
 While I of pleasure take my fill.
 Come join with me, ye jovial throng,
 And hail great BACCHUS with a song.

ODE XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

THE dance of BACCHUS I admire,
 And always love to strike the lyre
 When drinking with a friend ;
 But more I love to deck my hair
 With flow'rs, and revel with the fair,
 For then all sorrows end.

Ne'er in my heart has envy sprung,
 I shun the shafts from Rancour's tongue,
 And Riot's drunken strife.
 But while I dance with damsels gay,
 And strike my lyre, I joyous say,
 " I'll lead a peaceful life."

ODE XLIII.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.

SPORTIVE insect, brisk and light,
 Tiny elf, Grasshopper hight,
 Thee we hail and envy thee,
 For, when sitting on a tree,
 Having sipp'd the morning dew,
 Bright with many an orient hue,
 Then thou seem'st, oh ! merry thing,
 Quite as happy as a king.
 All thou seest around are thine,
 Fruitful fields that gaily shine ;
 Fragrant scents and luscious juice,
 Whate'er the season can produce.
 Thou, of husbandmen the friend,
 Harming none, canst none offend,
 Belov'd by man, as sent below
 Herald of the summer glow.
 The Muses love thee, SOL himself
 Has shewn his love, thou sprightly elf :
 A voice he gave thee, shrill and clear,
 Enliv'ning to the peasant's ear.
 That voice will last thee during life,
 And thou, exempt from human strife,
 Unworn by age, with flesh, not blood,
 Hast found that all on earth is good ;
 So kind to thee does Nature prove,
 Thou'rt scarce less blest than gods above.

ODE XLIV.

ON HIS DREAM.

A DREAM I had, and thought 'twas true,
 That wings upon my shoulders grew.
 I ran, while CUPID seem'd in sight,
 And near me rapid was his flight.
 At length he prov'd for me too fleet,
 Though clogg'd with lead his pretty feet.
 At last he reach'd me—I awoke,
 Nor know I what this dream bespoke.
 Perchance, 'mid many love affairs,
 I may escape from all the snares,
 And, safe from others, fondly own
 That I can love but one alone.

ODE XLV.

THE ARROWS OF LOVE.

THE husband of the Cyprian dame,
 With iron, by his Lemnian flame,
 Was forging CUPID's fatal darts.
 VENUS with honey touch'd them all,
 But CUPID quickly mingled gall,
 To make them worse for human hearts.

MARS came, and waving high his spear,
 At CUPID's darts began to sneer,
 While VENUS' self stood laughing nigh.
 He said he held them in disdain
 That they to him could give no pain—
 “ This heavy one,” said CUPID, “ try.”
 “ Heavy, indeed,” cried MARS, “ I own—
 Here take it back ”—then heav'd a groan,
 “ I now confess I feel a smart.”
 “ No,” CUPID said, “ you thought to tow'r,
 And proudly triumph o'er my pow'r,
 Hence therefore keep it in thy heart.”

ODE XLVI.

ON LOVE.

'TIS hard the pains of Love to bear,
 Yet harder Apathy's dull state,
 Still worse to love a fav'rite Fair,
 And feel our passion cross'd by Fate.
 Rank, learning, virtue, now, we find,
 Are held as trifles, light and vain,
 For riches captivate the mind,
 And beauty's doom'd to sordid gain.
 Accurs'd be he who first lov'd gold—
 It parents, brothers, turns to foes,
 Breeds ev'ry ill that can be told,
 And, ah ! from gold spring lovers' woes.

ODE XLVII.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I LOVE to see an aged sire
 Who still retains his early fire.
 A dancing youth I love to see,
 For youth's the time for sport and glee;
 And when old age can dance and play,
 The mind is young though locks are gray.

ODE XLVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

BRING me great HOMER's lyre, but let no string
 Be stain'd with blood, and with it also bring
 Cups of well-order'd size, I'll then proclaim
 The laws of BACCHUS, BACCHUS worthy fame.—
 Then will I freely drink and dance and play,
 Sing to my lute, yet not be wildly gay.
 Then will I sing the pleasures of the bowl,
 And yield to festive joys my glowing soul.

ODE XLIX.

TO A PAINTER.

COME, Painter, thou of noblest kind,
 Whose genius fires a lofty mind,
 Present to me those regions gay
 Where sportive Bacchanalians play.
 Where, as they dance, in airy round,
 Their double pipes with joy resound.
 Spread too thy canvas to portray
 The rites that Love delights to pay,
 Love, sweetest charm of life's brief day.

ODE L.

ON BACCHUS.

THE god descends who teaches youth the way
 In drinking to devote the passing day ;
 How best o'erflowing bumpers they may bear,
 And dance, while drinking, with a graceful air.
 He brings a charm possess'd of potent pow'r,
 To banish grief from life's precarious hour,
 Of pow'r to guard the produce of the vine,
 And with autumnal fruit its branches twine.
 That when we ope the treasures of the grape
 Free they may flow, and ev'ry ill escape,
 Retain such health, and in such strength appear,
 As promise plenty for the future year.

ODE LI.

ON A DISK REPRESENTING VENUS.

ONE famous Artist has the sea portray'd,
 And, such his skill, the waves appear to move,
 Another, touch'd with some diviner aid,
 Has dar'd to paint the beauteous Queen of Love.
 Naked she rises from the liquid plain,
 A thousand charms her lovely form displays,
 Surge seems o'er surge ambitiously to strain,
 As if to shield her from too rude a gaze.
 Graceful she glides along the wat'ry way,
 White as the snowy foliage of the deep,
 The waves repuls'd, her motions now obey,
 Then swift return, and round her gently creep.
 Love and Desire on dolphins gaily ride,
 Laughing at ills on which dull mortals pore,
 While finny myriads with admiring pride,
 Attend the Paphian goddess to the shore.

ODE LII.

ON WINE.

THE Swains and Virgins jointly bear
 The swelling produce of the vine,
 The baskets they support with care,
 Nor e'er beneath the load repine.

The press receives the luscious freight,
 The Swains upon the clusters tread,
 And crush'd beneath their pond'rous weight,
 The grapes their treasures amply shed.

Meanwhile we hymns to BACCHUS sing,
 Who taught us how the vine to rear,
 And from its ripen'd fruit to bring
 A precious juice, mankind to cheer.

Old Age enjoys the flowing treat,
 Nor e'er the copious goblet spares,
 But joins the dance with tott'ring feet,
 And shakes with glee his snowy hairs.

Then youth, too prone to wild excess,
 The waking damsel's heart alarms,
 Inflam'd by wine will boldly press,
 And rudely rifle all her charms.

ODE LIII.

ON THE ROSE.

SPRING let me hail, with blooming chaplets crown'd,
 Spreading bright flow'rs with lavish hand around;
 But chief, that best of flow'rs, the blushing Rose,
 That most of sweetness, most of beauty shews.
 As if from breath of gods the scent it drew,
 And Nature deck'd it with her loveliest hue.

All in the rose delight—the Graces wear
 The rose, to decorate their flowing hair,
 In that soft early season of the year
 Which VENUS sanctions, and the Loves appear ;
 Fables abound that tell us 'tis the Rose
 That, as their fav'rite flow'r, the Muses chose.
 How sweet to him, ordain'd o'er paths to stray
 Of thorny life, to pluck it on the way.
 The Wise admire the Rose, and banquets prove
 More rich adorn'd with this sweet flow'r of love.
 What can, indeed, delight, unless the Rose
 Its fragrant scent, and vivid hues, disclose !
 The morn arises with a rosy face ;
 Roses the Nymphs, and VENUS' self can grace.
 The Rose can sickness cure, old bards have said,
 And from corrupt decay preserve the dead.
 When dry and wither'd, still a scent we find,
 That charms the sense, and gratifies the mind.
 Say what the Rose's birth,—when Ocean gave
 The Queen of Beauty from its swelling wave,
 When PALLAS, as we learn, was seen to move
 Full-arm'd, emerging from the brain of JOVE,
 Then Earth, impregnated with nobler pow'r,
 Brought forth the blooming Rose, unrivall'd flow'r.
 The gods nectareous dew's delighted shed
 Its stems to strengthen, and its beauty spread.
 Then too those gods the fruitful vine design'd,
 Which BACCHUS kindly nurst, to cheer mankind.

ODE LIV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHENE'ER I see a youthful band
 I haste to meet them, heart and hand,
 And join in all their play ;
 Then I CYBELE bid attend,
 With roses crown me, Pleasure's friend,
 And drive old Age away.

I will, while lagging life remains,
 Still revel with the youthful swains,
 Whose joys my soul inspire ;
 Then Fancy's visions o'er me steal,
 And make me fondly think and feel
 I glow with youthful fire.

Bring me some ripe autumnal fruit,
 Pomegranate, any kind will suit,
 So no dull cares annoy.

That I may let great BACCHUS know
 How Age can drink, can sing, can glow,
 Nay e'en be mad with joy.

ODE LV.

ON LOVERS.

THE noble steeds we aptly know,
 As fiery brands their haunches shew,
 That form a certain guide.

And Parthians as they swiftly fly,
We, by their turbans, well descry,
In all their warlike pride.

And if I Lovers chance to view,
I then, from lineaments as true,
Their characters can trace.

Nature so gently moulds the mind,
That in their features still we find
A soft and tender grace.

FRAGMENTS
OF
SAPPHO AND ALCÆUS.

ODE TO VENUS.

FROM SAPPHO.

VENUS, beauteous Queen of Love,
 Playful progeny of Jove,
 To whose honour many a shrine
 Has proclaim'd thy pow'r divine;
 Listen, goddess, to my pray'r,
 Shield me from all mortal care;
 Hither, goddess, haste again,
 Thou before hast heard my strain,
 Left thy father's golden sphere,
 From thy car descending here,
 Which thy pretty sparrows bear,
 Swiftly through the realms of air;
 Arriving, sent them straight away,
 Meaning to prolong thy stay.
 If, with smiles, celestial dame,
 Asking why thine aid I claim,
 What evils I endure below,
 From what cause those evils flow,
 What I most desire to find,
 Balm to ease my raging mind,
 What I wish thee to bestow?
 Saying, "SAPPHO, whence thy woe,

Slighted by a perjur'd swain?
 He shall visit thee again,
 Though he may not love thee now
 Again shall breathe his fervent vow."
 VENUS, come and sooth my grief,
 Thou alone canst bring relief.
 Give whate'er can grace my mind,
 To make my faithless lover kind,
 So my mortal cares shall end,
 Thou my Patroness and friend.

FROM THE SAME.

THE youth to me as blest appears
 As they who rule the heav'nly spheres,
 The youth thy kindness shall admit
 Beside thy lovely form to sit,
 To hear thy voice's dulcet sound,
 And see thy smiles, which sweetly wound.
 Beholding thee, at once I feel
 A fond delirium o'er me steal;
 I strive to speak, but strive in vain,
 Some secret spells my tongue restrain:
 A subtle fire my frame invades,
 I seem involv'd in rising shades:
 My eyes the thick'ning vapour dims,
 Chill dews o'erspread my trembling limbs,
 My ears with whizzing omens ring,
 That threaten Death's resistless sting,
 Pale, panting, struggling, with a sigh
 I faint, I sink, I fall, I die.

A HYMN
TO
HARMODIUS AND ARISTOGITON.

FROM ALCÆUS.

WREATH'D in a myrtle branch my sword I'll bear,
Like to the sword which that illustrious pair,
HARMODIUS and ARISTOGITON, drew,
And Athens freed, when they her tyrant slew.
HARMODIUS, dear to fame, thou art not dead,
But to those happy regions now art fled,
Where swift ACHILLES and TYDIDES dwell,
And DIOMEDE, whose valour all can tell.
Yes—in a myrtle wreath'd, I'll bear the sword,
Like those exalted heroes, so ador'd,
When, 'mid the rites in wise MINERVA's fane,
ATHENS was rescu'd and HIPPARCHUS slain.
Their matchless glory latest times shall see,
Who slew the tyrant, and made Athens free.

A FAREWELL TO ANACREON.

ANACREON, sportive Bard, farewell !
 Faintly I touch'd thy dulcet shell,
 To Grecian heights not wont to soar,
 Like COWLEY, BROOME, or FAWKES, and MOORE.
 COWLEY, whose genius brought below
 The god of love thy worth to shew,
 Who o'er thy grave shed lyric dew,
 To honour thy delightful Muse.
 Though BROOME and FAWKES as scholars shine,
 They seem not kindled by the Nine;
 But MOORE appears of lineal kind,
 To glow with thy transmitted mind,
 As in his flowing lines we trace
 Congenial spirit, vigour, grace.

No rival of that learned Train,
 Not so ambitious and so vain.
 When studious of the bold essay
 On British ground to plant thy bay,
 I thought to blunt Fate's venom'd dart,
 And sooth, at times, a wounded heart,
 For, such thy lyre's entrancing pow'r,
 It oft has cheer'd my darkest hour,
 Alluring me to ancient days,
 And tempting me to mimic lays.

Unskill'd, I own, to strike thy lyre,
 Yet can I feel its vivid fire,
 And with a fond, though feeble, hand,
 I join'd thine imitative band.

Forgive, dear Bard, the rash design,
To breathe my homage at thy shrine.

How bless'd thy life's protracted scene!
Despising Fortune's varying mien;
Thou seemst as hither sent to prove
The type of bliss enjoy'd above,
That none should sink o'erwhelm'd by care,
But hope for endless pleasure there;
Inspir'd by BACCHUS and by LOVE,
Who rais'd thee earthly ills above.
And when ordain'd, by Pow'r Divine,
To quit thy roses, nymphs, and wine,
The GRAPE, that happy made thy life,
Releas'd thee from all human strife,
And left upon thy tomb a name,
Lov'd by the Muse, embalm'd by Fame.

THE END.





